

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN BALTIMORE

The most together listing of events in town.
If it isn't here, you probably wouldn't like it anyway.



Friday, October 30

MUSIC

"Joshua" Bluesette, 8 PM \$2
"Alley Blues Band" Blues Back Alley, 2-5 AM (Sat. morn.) \$2
Jaime Brockett, The Main Point
"Meat" The Parkville Teen Center, 8-11 PM, Harford Road
Howdy Duty, UAW Hall, 1010 S. Oldham, 8-12 PM
"Exit" Keystone, Holabird Ave.
Sandy Allan-Dale, Towson State, 7:30 PM

DRAMA

"Wildswan" Corner Theatre, 9 PM \$2 members \$3 guests
"Fantasia" Spotlights Theatre, 8:30 PM students \$1.25 adults \$2.25

"All My Sons" by Arthur Miller, Essex Community College, 8 PM FREE
"Faust" Lyric, 8:15 PM. For ticket info: LE 9-3100, MU 5-0693

"Dracula" Anne Arundel Comm. College, Humanities Building, Lecture Hall, 8:30 PM

FILM

"Civilisation: The Hero as Artist" (Part V) Main Pratt Library, Wheeler Aud., 8 PM FREE

"Devils Own" and "Spook Spectacular Shorts" Chem-Physics Aud. UMB, 8 PM FREE

DANCE

Modern Dance Group-African Dance Workshop: Lecture Demonstration by Orville Johnson-Murphy Aud. Morgan State College, 7-9 PM FREE

LECTURE

"Baltimore in History and Song" lecture with music and dance, Cathedral Church of the Incarnation, St. Paul and University Pkwy, 8:15 PM

Julian Hochberg, Prof. of Psychology, Columbia Univ., "The Representation of Things and People" Shaffer 3, JHU, 4:15 PM FREE

Saturday, October 31

MUSIC

An Evening of Classical and Contemporary Solo. Piano music by Celia Wright, Comm. College of Balt. Theatre, 8 PM FREE

"Blackfoot Smoke" Bluesette, 8 PM \$2
"Matrix" Blues Back Alley, 2-5 AM (Sun. Morn.) \$2
Jaime Brockett, The Main Point

DRAMA

"All My Sons" by Arthur Miller Essex Community College, 8 PM, FREE

"Wildswan" Corner Theatre, 9 PM \$2 members \$3 guests

"Faust" Lyric Theatre, 8:15 PM
"Fantasia" Spotlights, 8:30 PM

"Dracula" Anne Arundel Comm. College, Humanities Building Lecture Hall, 8:30 PM

FILM

"Civilisation: The Hero as Artist" (Part V) Main Pratt Library, Wheeler Aud. 2 PM FREE

Vintage Films in good condition, Laurel and Hardy, W.C. Fields and more, Cathedral Room, Peabody Bookshop, 1 PM & 3 PM \$50

DANCE

Modern Dance Group, African Dance Workshop, Master classes in "Choreography Techniques" with Orville Johnson. Hunt Gym, Morgan State College, 12 Noon to 2 PM FREE

RALLY

RESIST REPRESSION, CENTER SQUARE, CHARLES & FAYETTE, 1 PM. Speakers: John Frumies (Chicago Conspiracy), Walter Lively, Paul Coates, and others. Rock Music.

NATURE

Greenspring Valley Hike, call May Vincent, 833-2381

Ride through Penna. German Countryside near Bowmanville, 30-50 miles. Call Tom Grieger 992-7663, Balt. Hosting Club and Balt. Bicycling Club.

MISC

READ STREET FUN FESTIVAL, 200 Block of West Read St., Music, food, shopping, benefit Fellowship of Lights, 11-6 PM. Raintide, Nov. 7

Sunday, November 1

MUSIC

Ching Trio of Korea and Peabody Orchestra, Benefit for scholarship fund. Peabody Conservatory, 8:30 PM. For tickets contact Peabody Box Office, 837-0600

Jam Session—all musicians invited. Bluesette 8 PM \$1

Jaime Brockett, The Main Point
Stephen Bishop, young American pianist, Shaffer Hall, JHU, 8:30 PM students \$2 regular \$4

Kenny Rogers and the First Edition. Towson State Gym, 4:00 PM

An evening with Lee Michaels also Organization and Blackfoot Smoke. Community College of Balt., Field House, 2901 Liberty Heights, 8-12 PM, tickets at Middle Earth, (on Read St.) or at the door, \$5

"Exit" Kahles, 9654 Belair Rd., 8 PM

NATURE

Orienteering, Soldiers Delight, call M. Jastrow Levin, 233-9205, Maryland Mountain Club.

Cycle ride to Lock Raven Reservoir, 30 miles. Meet parking lot across from state fair grounds, Timonium, 9 AM. Call Jim Thomson 426-0191, Balt. Hosting Club and Balt. Bicycling Club.

FILM

"The Vampire Bat" with Fay Wray, Corner Theater 9 PM \$1.50

Monday, November 2

FILMS

"Civilisation" Grandeur and Obedience" (part VII) Pratt Library's Hollins-Payson Branch, 7 PM FREE

"Civilisation: Romance and Reality" (Part III) Pratt Library's Walbrook Branch 7 PM FREE

"The University Books before the Invention of Printing" Walters Art Gallery, Charles and Center St. 8:15 PM FREE

Tuesday, November 3

MUSIC

Contemporary Music Ensemble Concert, Columbia-Antioch, 8 PM

FILM

"One Wish Too Many" Pratt Library's Gardenville Branch, 3:30 PM FREE

"Civilisation: Protest & Communication" (part VI) Main Pratt Library, Wheeler Aud., 2 PM FREE

"The Pilgrimage Raid Through Leon and Galicia" Walters Art Gallery, 1 PM FREE

POETRY

Poetry Reading (to be announced) Catonsville Comm. College, 7:30 PM FREE

MEETING

Women's Discussion Series, Woman's Center, 3028 Greenmount Ave., 8 PM Women only. For next two Tues. FREE

Wednesday, November 4

MUSIC

Peabody Contemporary Music Ensemble. Leonard Perlman, conductor (Works of Richard R. Bennett, Varese and Schonberg) 12 PM FREE, Peabody Conservatory Concert Hall

FILM

"Purs in Boots" Pratt Library's Dundalk Avenue Branch 3:30 PM FREE

"Civilisation: The Light of Experience" (Part VIII) Pratt Library's Hollins-Payson Branch, 7 PM FREE

LECTURE

College of NY, Essex Comm. College, 8:30 PM FREE

"Saving the Chesapeake Bay: No Simple Answers" by Dr. Roland S. Bees, Main Pratt Library, Second floor, Poe room, 12 PM FREE

Thursday, November 5

MUSIC

Promenade Concert, Peabody Artists in the main court of the Walters Art Gallery, 12:30 PM FREE

The First Washington Blues Festival with Muddy Waters, B.B. King, Howlin' Wolf, Richie Havens and many more. Cramton Aud., Howard U., 6th and Lombard Sts., Washington, 3 nites, 8 PM-7:55 PM show. Info: 202-352-1511

DANCING

Folk Dancing at Great Hall, Levering, JHU, 8-11 PM \$7.50 per person per nite. every Thurs.

FILM

"MacBeth" with Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson, Goucher College Center., 8:30 PM FREE

"The Thief of Bagdad" Pratt Library's Brooklyn Branch, 4 PM FREE

"Civilisation: Man—The Measure of all things" (part IV) Pratt Library's Northwood Branch 8 PM FREE

Friday, November 6

MUSIC

"Calhoun" Alley Entrance, (Bank & Highland) 7:30 PM \$1

"Aux" Bluesette, 8 PM \$2

"Alley Blues Band" Blues Back Alley, 2-5 AM (Sat. Morn) \$2

"Exit" Gardenville Hazelwood Rec. Hazelwood & Hamilton.

Steve Askins, Coffeegrounds 8:30 PM \$1

The First Washington Blues Festival. Muddy Waters BB King, Howlin' Wolf, Richie Havens, and many more. Cramton Aud., Howard U., 6th and Lombard Sts. NW, Wash., DC, 3 nites, 8 PM till—\$5 per show. Call 202-352-1511

NATURE

Rock climbing at the Gunks. Experienced climbers with leaders only. Advanced reservations for rope, seconds and thirds necessary. Call Bill Robinson 338-1552 thru Sunday.

DRAMA

"Exit the King" by Ionesco. Morgan State College, 8:15 PM \$1.50 adults, \$7.50 students

Saturday, November 7

MUSIC

Pete Seeger, Lisle Aud., George Washington U., 8 PM, tickets, \$3.54, \$4.50, Stanley-Williams Presentations, 1715 37th St., NW, Washington

Kathy Pierson and "River" Goucher College, College Center Lecture Hall, 8 PM \$5.50

"Matrix" Bluesette 8 PM \$2

"Matrix, Blues Back Alley, 2-5 AM (Sun. morn) \$2

The First Washington Blues Festival, Muddy Waters, BB King, Howlin' Wolf, Richie Havens, and many more. Cramton Aud., Howard U., 6th and Lombard, NW, Wash. 8 PM till 7:55 PM show. Call 202-352-1511

FILMS

Vintage Films in good condition, Laurel and Hardy, W.C. Fields and more, Cathedral Room, Peabody Bookshop, 1 and 3 PM \$50

"Civilisation: Protest and Communication" (Part VI) Main Pratt Library, Wheeler Aud., 2 PM FREE

DRAMA

"Exit the King" by Ionesco Morgan Park College, 8:15 PM \$1.50 PM, \$1.50 adults, \$7.50 students

NATURE

Bluff trail, Shenandoah N.P., 10 miles, call Carson Billingsley, 744-7943, Maryland Mountain Club.

(Continued on page 11)

AND THERE'S NO PLACE TO GO

Anne Arundel Comm. College, Jones Station Rd. Severna Park

Balt. Actors Theatre, Holiday Room—Village of Cross Keys. More info., call Mrs. Duschinger—323-1000 ext. 207

Balt. Theater Ensemble, Five West Theater, North Ave. and Charles St. \$3. Stud. \$1.50 828-0020

Blues Back Alley, 2439 N. Charles St. Min. age 18, \$2. 467-4404

Bluesette, 2439 N. Charles St., Fri. & Sat. \$2. Sun. \$1 8PM 467-4404

Catonsville Comm. College, 800 S. Rolling Rd.

Coffeegrounds, Roland Ave. & Oakland Rd.

Community College of Baltimore, 2901 Liberty Hgts. Ave. 523-2151

Corner Theatre, 891 N. Howard St., 728-4707

Center Stage, 11 E. North Ave. 685-5020

Crossroads, Loch River Blvd. & Woodbourne Ave.

Essex Community College Ridge Rd. At Kennedy Expwy. 682-6000

Famous Ballroom, 1717 N. Charles St. 727-8620

Fells Point Art Gallery, 811 S. Broadway, 675-6273

Goucher College, Dulany Valley Rd., 825-3300

John Hopkins U., Charles & 34th, 366-3300

Loyola College, Charles and Coldspring Lane, 435-2500

Lyric Theater, 128 W. Mt. Royal Ave., 685-5086

Main Point, 874 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa. 525-3375

Maryland Institute, 1300 Mt. Royal, 669-9200

Maryland Ballet Co., 10429 Reisterstown Rd., Owing Mills 21117

Morgan State College, Hilfen Rd. & Coldspring Lane, 323-2270

No Fish Today, 610 N. Eutaw St. 669-4340

Peabody Bookshop, 913 N. Charles

Peabody Conservatory of Music, 1 E. Mt. Vernon, 837-0600

People's Place, Fleet St. & East Ave., (Alley Bank & Highland) 7:30 PM \$1

Spotlights, 817 St. Paul St. 752-1225

Stoney Run Friends' Meeting House, 5115 N. Charles St. 433-8212

Towson State College, York Rd. and Burles Ave., 823-1211

U.M.B.C. (Univ. of Md. in Balt.) 5401 Wilkens Ave. 744-7800

U. of Balt. 1420 N. Charles St. 777-6350

Vagabond Players, Univ. of Balt., Langdale Lib., Md. Ave. and Oliver St. 358-6337

Walters Art Gallery, Charles and Center St. (Mt. Vernon Square)



Trimline is an Edsel-Harper.

Light trucking by Stephen's daddy. Call 666-9176.

Organist-Pianist looking for accomplished bassist and drummer for jazz and blues band. Call Jay at 661-1596.

Want freak guitar player. Call Will 323-9426.

For sale: 1964 VW sedan with red/white/blue stripes & stars paint. Runs good. P.O. Box 126, Garrittsville, Md. 21084, Charles Hartly.

Homes needed for 3 kittens. Call Mike 366-7814.

Walt (Whitey) I love you. Call me. Cathy.

Jonni, I love you and I want the whole world to know. Love Jan.

Leslie Masland; it's a year later and I still love you. Big Brown Eyes.

For sale: Espagna steel string classical guitar w/easy action and good sound. Or will trade it for a dulcimer. Call 235-2793 and ask for Elizabeth.

To Bobby from the girl you met down at the Monument. Call 945-9568 and ask for Bunny.

I'm a Washington freak commuting daily to Balto. and I'm having trouble keeping it together driving two hours a day. I'd like a room preferably in a peaceful communal situation. Does such a thing exist in this city? Please call Hank or Maury after 5 at 636-2511 and leave a message.

To Maxine from Essex Tricycle Marathon. Please call Cesare at 426-6898

Young, attractive, kind, 20 yrs., understanding female would like to hear from her male counterpart. "Semi-hip." HARRY Box 27

Flute player (possibly doubling on saxophone) and trumpet player wanted for an experimental jazz band interested in communication and people who really understand what Frank Zappa's been doing. Call 686-6427 or 744-1008.



Anyone interested in getting together and playing chess, call Carl at 889-0151, or Art at 752-5636

2 people need a ride to Miami between 15 & 17 of December. c/o HARRY box 402. Share expenses.

Bass-Player and singer wanted. Call Pat 243-0238.

Everybody-I love you. Lisa.

Wanted: All-round models. Salary will be arranged according to abilities. Call 367-0402 on Sat. and Sun.

New York drummer (22 yrs.) has been in top East Coast group with recording experience. Splitting fun city, friends in Baltimore and now seeks group. Full-time professional only. Call 484-9513 between 6:00 & 10:00 P.M.

To Jenny who wrote "pomes 1 & 2 to HARRY (and loves Tom) contact Severne at the HARRY office 243-2150 anytime, day or night. It's important.

Thanks to: Kathy's boyfriend, The Flowered Tablecloth, The Farm People and the other two dudes. The Blue Motorcycle.

To Lee from radio electronics. Please get in touch with me so I can get the zest back. Stephanie. 837-3740.

Art and crafts on consignment for gallery in Dickeyville. Call Leslie 448-0113

Two people willing to do weird and straight house painting. 686-6427

Wanted: please, apartment or house to share. Please call 752-4222

Wanted: Bass player 14 to 16 years old. Have own equipment. For auditions call 922-8991 or 484-1990. Randlestown area.

Cats & kittens. Can you give a home to any of our 12 cats or kittens!!! 276-3649.

Wanted: an apartment in Fells Pt., Call 484-1987 after 6 pm.

Hey, YOU there, the one in the back! Yeah, you! I love you. Shoshone.

Tan fox terrier, female, needs home. Salvaged from a tyrant still a bit hyper. Superloving, very pliable with babies. Call 666-9176.

Someone who crashed at Harry last week ripped off my guitar. It was a gift from a beloved friend-please, please, bring it back. Anita, 315 E. 25th St.

FOR SALE: Established small business "Fatty Arbuckle's Cafe" 1300 N. Calvert St. Price very reasonable, speak to Richard if you are interested in this sound business investment.

To Shoshone in Wilmington on Howard Co.-You may only be 13, but your head is getting older each day. Keep trying and you'll be awarded a better vision of the world; you'll see it as beautiful as it really is. Learn to change what you cannot accept and accept what you cannot change. Thank you for the phone call. Er, the 23rd. It's good to see people in out-of-the-way places becoming freaks. Peace. Phylinius. P.S. I still like 'Lisa' better.

SEXUAL FREEDOM monthly publication of the Sexual Freedom League. Subscription \$3 for 10 issues-\$1 for 3 issues. SFL, Box 14034-H, San Francisco, Calif. 94114

Wanted: nice farm house to rent. Also free piano in any condition. Will gladly move. See Glenn or Erik at Back-of-the-Moon after 9:30 PM 727-5794

'64 VW bus, new engine, runs great, needs tires. \$550 inspected. 987-0291.

SUSAN LOUISE MEAT? Baby, I am, with you in mind and spirit. My body really doesn't matter. Sail on, Silvergirl. Mister M.

Lynn Irby-please get in touch with me about that weird look of yours. Box X3-HARRY-Peace-Tom.

Get that rhythm!! Take drum lessons at reasonable rates. Larry Morgan 435-8936

To Nancy: You slick and you slide and that's all that counts, honey!! Larry

Child sitter wanted-to pick up four-year-old boy (groovy kid) on Charles Street and take him to nursery school on North Ave. at 8:00 AM and pick up again at 4:30 PM and keep him until 6:00-and one night 'til 10:00 PM. \$10 per week. Write Child c/o HARRY

Paul Scardini or Jef Rubin or anybody else that is interested in Super Paranoid girl please call Linda 675-2976

Guitar lessons: folk, blues, Ragtime, Country, Rock-all styles fun, approaching jazz. 685-9091, 752-5014

Free kittens 523-3703

Balto Labor Committee Educational Meeting every Sunday 2 PM, 2730 Reisterstown

Couple in mid-20's looking for one or two stable couples to share large house in the country-N. of the beltway-easy access to town but should have own transportation. Must be able to dig fixing up house and grounds and keeping moderately neat and together. Call 363-1250 anytime or 837-7138 during working hrs and ask for Sandy.

Wanted-for forming band, organist who can wail, but can sing softly too. Should sort of like Country rhythm and blues and blues blues. Young G. Hudson stop by Back-of-the-Moon, 213 W. Mulberry, 10AM-9PM and ask for Glenn or call Erik, 727-5794 after 9:30

continued from page two

Dear HARRY

Enclosed is a not too recent photograph of the Baltimore Labor committee write-in candidate for the U.S. Senate. He is the good guy with the white hat in the middle.



Robert Kaufman

The six shooters are symbolic of our candidates' belief in the right to bare arms for self defense.

We were unable to enclose a photograph of Zeke Boyd, our gubernatorial candidate, in that he had not yet been born when this photograph was taken.

Authority
George Lach, Treasurer
Baltimore Labor Committee
National Caucus of Labor Committees

Dear HARRY

For a city of its size, Baltimore does not have a progressive rock station. W.L.P.L., bubblegum, top 40, does not fill the bill and frankly it sucks! W.B.A.L., 97.9 F.M. Stereo has given Baltimore a break by airing the Rosko show every night at 11:05 p.m. But to continue it needs every freak in Baltimore's support. In other words you've got to write to the station: W.B.A.L. 97.9 FM, Baltimore, Md. 21211 and tell them you like having uninterrupted rock when you're mellowing in the wee hours of the night. Maybe if there's enough support they'll expand their broadcasting time of progressive rock sounds. Remember San Francisco started an FM underground radio station in 1965. It took Baltimore five years to get a few hours of it. Be well and "never treat a brother like a passing stranger."

Write On

The Psychedelic Pig



continued from page thirteen

Does It Matter? consists of five major essays and seven short essays. The latter are less concerned with materiality and are much more revealing of the man himself and his background. They occupy only twenty-five pages and should probably be read first.

The first of these seven is called "The Basic Myth (According to the Tradition of Ancient India)" and amounts to a very poetic but complicated and slightly esoteric version of the Watts groundwork. Secondly it is a nice glossary of Hindu jargon. The second, "The Great Mandala" is a personal vision with which I was a little bored. The third essay, "On Selecting Vibrations" is metaphysically (an unfortunately misleading term) the most radical and, in dismissing the pain/pleasure principle, the most difficult to empathize with. It shows that there are levels of spiritual development or whatever in Watts that his rather slick style doesn't usually betray. He ends that essay with this quote from Dante's *Inferno*:

*There is a cave that stretches underground
Far from Beelzebub as his
tomb extends,
Known not by sight,
but only by the sound
Of a stream flowing,
that therein descends
Along the hollow of the rock
that it has gnawed,
Nor falleth steeply down,
but winds and bends.
The Guide and I,
entering that secret road,
Toiled to return into
the world of light.*

Which might be good to know. Since he doesn't see fit to provide a translation. I don't claim to completely understand the fourth essay, "Planting Seeds and Gathering Fruit". It deals with the Buddhist concept of *samsara* (analogous to the Hindu web of *maya*) and the problems attendant to "attempting" to transcend it. Known as "the stink of Zen", this is a considerable issue in the formal Zen schools. Watts, thankfully, sort of farts it off. There is then a short essay on art which closely parallels McLuhan followed by another McLuhanesque piece involving the relationship of Aldous Huxley's later philosophy with the Mahayana school of Buddhism and, finally, a personal eulogy for the great Zen scholar, Suzuki Daisetsu.

The five major essays vary greatly in subject matter and though more to the point of materiality, nowhere in the Watts ramble does a really solid exposition of that subject develop. If I can be correctly understood, I am making a compliment. "Wealth Versus Money," is the most sophisticated and certainly the most entertaining economic analysis I've ever read. Which may not say much, since I majored in English. But it's a lucid and extensive discussion of the difference between the symbol and the symbolized using the comprehensive example of material wealth. As always, Watts uses his ground subject as a point of departure into the various nasties which surround us. In this sense the five essays should probably not be distinguished. The other four deal with food, clothing, violence and psychedelic drugs and each express specifics of his joy in life and his internal peace while dealing, actually, with the nature of the universe and the nature of the western mind. Watts' picture of this mind is not at all pleasant and the unpleasantness comes down to our essential conception of the universe as a bunch of things rather than one great thing. He itemizes the hell that we catch for swallowing this bullshit. Trapped as some kind of extraneous entity dropped on the earth and controlled by a mean little ego like the crew of a one-man submarine, we are completely at odds with our environment. An environment which we see as totally alien to "ourselves" and which we hence in an xenophobic fit spend our lives trying to kick, beat, tame, manipulate, improve, pave, civilize, wash, dry and iron.

*What shall I do now?
What shall I do?
I shall rush out as I am,
and walk the street
With my hair down, so.
What shall we do to-morrow?*

—T.S. Eliot

"Trying to force the lock bends the key, for which reason a truly intelligent man never forces an issue. He resorts instead to judo, the 'gentle way' of trimming one's sails to the wind, of rolling with the punch, and of splitting wood along the grain. Such intelligence is therefore the alternative to violence."

—Alan Watts

"The whole world is quite obviously going to hell. The one slim chance of not going to hell is that we do absolutely nothing to stop it."

—Robert Oppenheimer

"When faced with a situation like this, there's only one thing you can do—turn your back on it and say, 'Fuck It!'"

—Ken Kesey (at the 1966 Berkley Moratorium Rally)

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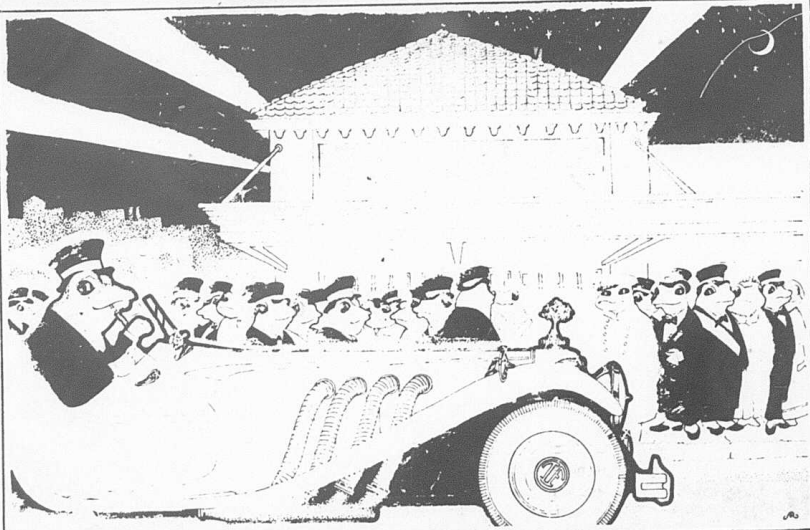
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TREE FROG PRESENTS IN BALTIMORE

APPEARING

LIVE AT PAINTERS MILL MUSIC FAIR



LEON RUSSELL

ALSO ELTON JOHN

SUNDAY NOVEMBER EIGHTH 8:00 P.M.

DIRECTIONS: NORTH FROM BELTWAY ON REISTERSTOWN ROAD
LEFT ON PAINTER'S MILL ROAD (NEAR MARYLAND CUP CO.)

TICKETS \$4.50

TICKETS

13 BALTIMORE BALTIMORE ROAD 401 W COLLEGE PARK / THE BUM STEER, 224 W ROAD 4 302 E 33 30 37
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13 BALTIMORE BALTIMORE ROAD 401 W COLLEGE PARK / THE BUM STEER, 224 W ROAD 4 302 E 33 30 37

TREE FROG

301-166-0197

POTS OF POT

The following potpourri, an evening buffet, is especially convenient for entertaining. All recipes, of course, include a particularly tantalizing herb Cannabis Sativa—commonly referred to as marijuana.

Unfortunately, Madison Avenue has not yet realized pot's full potential in the kitchen and has neglected to cleverly package and market the stuff, in favor of such substances as nicotine and alcohol.

When selecting your marijuana, choose a relatively good cooking grade grass—domestic is fine. Save the imported dope for before and after dinner joints.

The grass you use will not elicit an exceptionally strong flavor to the dish but will make everything seem fantastic by the end of the meal.

(One relatively unimportant point—the quantities of weed called for in the recipes are fairly arbitrary. The chef was, oddly enough, smoking while cooking and not paying exact attention to the amounts used.)



Pot Roast (for a 4-pound roast)
1 stick butter (melted)
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon garlic salt
seasoned salt
paprika
1/8 cup grass

(Some people like to add a bit of mustard to the above.)

Place meat in basting dish with approximately one inch of water (or wine and marijuana mixture) surrounding it and bake at 350 degrees until tender. Repeat application of butter-Worcestershire-grass-etc. mixture several times for added flavor.

Gravy

Skim off grease from juices in roasting pan. Add a paste consisting of 2 tablespoons flour, 1/2 cup water (more or less depending on desired thickness) to the juices in the roasting pan. Stir until thickened.

Pot of Mushroom Soup
1 can golden mushroom soup
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 can milk
1 can water
2 tablespoons melted butter
dash salt
dash pepper
dash paprika
at least 3 tablespoons marijuana

Blend cans of soup, milk, and water over stove in saucepan, stirring well. Add butter. Stir in salt, pepper, paprika, and grass. Simmer at least 15 minutes.

Hash Brown Potatoes
(Use ordinary cooking grade marijuana if you don't have hashish.)
6 potatoes
1 stick butter
seasoned salt
1 small minced onion
1/8 cup grass or hash

Boil potatoes until they can be easily pierced by a fork. Transfer to skillet, add remaining ingredients, and brown.

Salad
Add marijuana to your favorite salad dressing. Toss salad and garnish with more grass.

With regards to Alice B. Toklas
Brownies
1 cup shortening
4 1-ounce squares unsweetened chocolate
1 1/2 cup flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
4 eggs
2 cups sugar
2 tsp. vanilla extract
2 cups coarsely cut walnuts
3/4 cup marijuana

Melt shortening and chocolate together over hot water. Cool. Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Beat eggs until light; add sugar; then chocolate mixture; and blend. Add flour, vanilla and nuts. Mix well. Pour batter into waxed-paper-lined 13 x 9 oblong pan. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) 30 to 35 minutes. Cool and cut into squares.

(Two tablespoons of grass mixed well with any chocolate frosting

makes a topping that is nothing short of phenomenal). Serve with marijuana tea and burn incense.

Dig it.
Enjoy it.

reprinted from the *Daily Planet*



Corner Theatre—Baltimore's only experimental theatre is now open at its new location
891 N. Howard St.
728-4707

Thurs. Oct. 29 & Sat. Oct. 31
Gordon Porterfield's
Wildswan (3-one act plays)
(an absolute mind-fuck)

Fri. Oct. 30 & Sun. Nov. 1
"Vampire Bat" with Faye Wray
Opening Nov. 5, 6, & 7 Thur—Sat.
"Tigers"

Sun Nov. 8—8 PM
Double Feature
Gene Autrey sings his way thru guns n' guitar plus
Gene Autrey and Champion in
Silver Spurs
also Three Stooges & cartoons



Listen people, if you're just fucking around, nothing to do, life's getting to be a drag, truck down to Bickford's on E. Baltimore St. and add some sparkle to your dull disintegrating lives. Bickford's is definitely classified under E for experience. Just the excitement of walking in and feeling the most beautiful high you have ever felt. Then having the smell of amonia surround you and pull you down so fast that by the time you have sat down you have come completely to your senses. It is then realized that you're a stupid ass for sitting around so long in a cafeteria where you know damned well you have to go over and get your own food. I really can't say how long you have to wait for your food because when I was there only a few people were scattered throughout the cafeteria. So if no one's there it will only take a few minutes to get your order. The service is pretty good. So is the food if you like eating the kind of plastic shit Kernal Sanders is trying to push on Amerika today. Honestly I can't say too much about the food because it looked so bad all I had was a corn muffin.

Did you ever wonder why most restaurants have square tables? Ah ha! You'd be surprized at the psychology these places use to lure in their victims. Bickford's even fools you by having a stairway and elevator leading to a restaurant for those of you that are too stoned to get your own food, but on arriving upstairs there's no waitress to

wait on you. So I hope you don't take an extra trip upstairs like I did unless you feel like looking out the restaurant window and grooving on the cars inching down the street. **Warning:** when food is finally gotten, be careful with crumbs, an armed guard will be waiting near the exit. No shit man, this place is really clean. As I walked out the door, I could have sworn I saw a 7 foot tall, bald headed man with one pierced ear giving a peace symbol and wearing a silly grin on his face. If you don't believe me, go there and see for yourself.

Sorry this place blew my mind too much to think of a rating.

Poster Contest

Win \$100! Design a poster with a Baltimore theme for the Baltimore Film Festival, II. The festival which will be held April 2, 3, 8 and 9 will present the winning films from a nationwide competition to be held this winter.

All students non-professionals are invited to design a 16 X 20 inches poster in any medium, but which must be capable of reproduction in one-color ink on colored stock. Application blanks with the exact specifications may be obtained from the Public Information Office, The University of Baltimore, 1420 N. Charles. Entries must be in by January 4, 1971.

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The Enemy Within In Vietnam

WASHINGTON [LNS] For some reason, known only in hell, the White House has decided to leak to the press the contents of a CIA report that systematically demolishes, point by point, the "encouraging signs" Nixon and other top US officials claim to see for their expedition in Vietnam.

Release of the report—which indicates that Vietnamese liberation forces include more than 30,000 infiltrators inside the Saigon government may be the first major break in a months-long barrage by the established media that has been suggesting that the US is gaining in Vietnam.

The entire infiltration network could not exist without the tacit complicity of

clear to all top Washington officials, that the only obstacle to a popular revolution overthrowing Thieu and Ky is the presence of the US Army. In other words, Nixon must know that his program of troop withdrawals and Vietnamization is only a cover-up for harsh realities. Details of the CIA's supposedly top-secret findings found their way into the hands of Neil Sheehan, a top New York Times reporter, who turned it into a story of over 70 inches of tiny little New York Times print for the Oct. 19 edition. The conclusions are old-hat stuff the underground press has been saying for years, but the details are almost embarrassingly funny. The CIA's findings:

During an 18 month period only 348 South Vietnamese soldiers reported that they had been contacted by the NLF. The CIA says that during this time the NLF must have made hundreds of thousands of approaches to military personnel.

Although the South Vietnamese Government is infiltrated from bottom to top, the story says, the United States and Saigon have had little success not only in penetrating liberation forces, but even in keeping their agents alive in liberated territory.

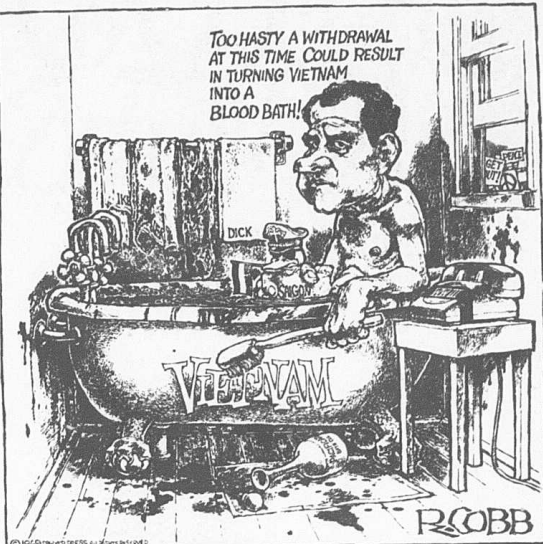
There is a permanent imbalance in tactical military intelligence. The NLF usually knows ahead of time about moves planned by the Pentagon and Saigon, but NLF plans are well-kept secrets.

Phoenix, a program considered vital to Vietnamization, aims to uncover and



"Are you hiding a Viet Cong in there?"

the majority of the Saigon government's soldiers and policemen according to the CIA study, so it is now



destroy the NLF apparatus in the countryside. But from its inception in 1967, Phoenix has flopped because NLF intelligence is good enough to expose Saigon agents before they even show up.

Through its underground, the NLF manages to keep close and friendly ties with many people in political parties and religious groups which are not strictly outlawed in South Vietnam.

According to the CIA, the NLF has about 20,000 full-time organizers inside the South Vietnamese Army who turn on Vietnamese GIs to the aims and purposes of the NLF, help soldiers who want to desert or defect, and occasionally eliminate gung-ho officers despised by their men. The organizers, many of them officers, work out the agreements of many South Vietnamese units not to attack NLF troops in return for reduction in casualties. The CIA says that American military advisors have had no luck in putting a stop to this widespread practice.

This group of 20,000 organizers is supported by a large network of couriers and keepers of hide-outs where the organizers can take refuge if necessary. Most keepers of these refuges are the wives or relatives of South Vietnamese soldiers and policemen.

The chief mission of an estimated 3,000 infiltrators of the South Vietnamese police intelligence service, the army intelligence, and military security service, and Saigon's Central Intelligence Office is to keep the NLF informed of how much the Saigon government knows in order to block counter-penetration. This security

service is so efficient that none of its important members have been apprehended, the study says. The large network depends at the most basic level on the cooperation of thousands of friendly peasants.

Thousands of trained NLF fighters have switched from military operations to infiltration and large numbers of political leaders are now inside Saigon-held territory.

All the members of an elected village council in a supposedly pacified district recently were discovered to be representatives of the NLF. They were among the large numbers of "legalized cadres" now quietly living and working in "pacified districts." Many NLF people become legalized cadres by way of Saigon's amnesty program for defectors. Although the CIA could not estimate what percentage of the 50,000 NLF defectors claimed by the Saigon government last year were actually still loyal to the NLF, the number was assumed to be at least several thousand.

Huynh Van Trong, formerly President Thieu's special assistant for political affairs, worked for the NLF for years. As Thieu's aide, he was privy to the innermost workings of the Saigon government as well as to secret communications between Nixon and Thieu. He even participated in the Paris peace talks and had been sent on a sensitive political mission to the United States.

Another NLFer was a National Assembly deputy and two more were army majors whose mission was to prevent "Communist infiltration." A fourth worked as the assistant chief of the counterintelligence branch of the army security service.

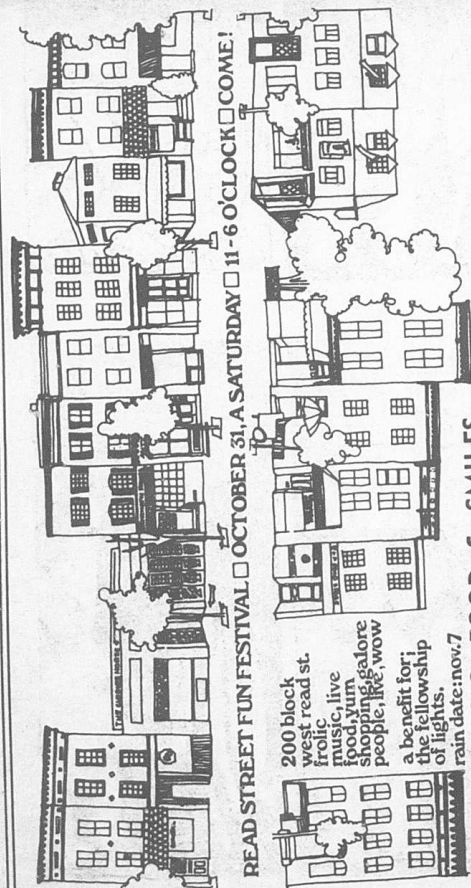
One became the chief medical officer of the national police, another was a former province chief and another was the former deputy policy chief of Hue, the old imperial capital. The chief of the principal army communications center in Dalat was also reportedly working for the NLF.

Some NLF folks have turned up in deceptively simple posts: as the chauffeur for the commanding general of the army corps that encompasses the northernmost provinces of the South, or as the main servant in another general's house.

If you were in the White House, would you like to know all that?

Whatever the White House's motives in leaking the CIA study, the document is very amusing if only because it is the CIA's own game at which it has been beaten. The network improvised by Vietnamese without money or space-age technology has not even been remotely challenged by the CIA's own Vietnam apparatus.

It's really the first of the "open" confessions of defeat.

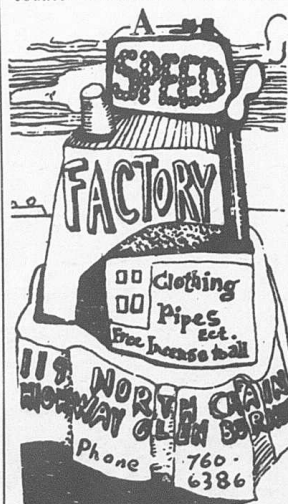


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RECORD REVIEWS

TRUTH

SP 4268

Since I have never heard Free's first album, "Tons of Sobs," it is impossible for me to determine whether any progress has been made by the group. However, after listening to their second effort, "Fire and Water", I would think not. Their hit single, "All Right Now", is mediocre at best, and any endearing qualities which the song may possess are repressed to the point of extinction in as few as two or three subsequent listenings. It is hard to imagine a group starting from any lower musical level than this.

Repetition is the watch word on Free's new album, so all repetition freaks should take notice, this is for you. In the finest Grand Funk Railroad tradition Free grinds out seven heavily uninspired cuts, or thirty-five minutes of pseudo-musical atrocities, depending on your view of things.

With all the good artists on A & M records, it's difficult to understand why they would waste their time, money, and hype on such a poor excuse for a contemporary rock band, but that's where Herb Alpert came from isn't it?

LIE

Charles Manson
(accompanied by the family)

ESP-DISK-2003

The most interesting things about Charles Manson are that he is no one in particular, says nothing of any note, has

done nothing—according to the letter of the law—remarkable and his album isn't worth listening to. Neither has hardly anyone bought it. The marvel with which he is connected is trivial on an objective scale, compared to the daily carnage of the universe; and on a subjective scale, rated a poor second the Fatty Arbuckle coke bottle scandal. He is the only person ever to have a whole issue of *Rolling Stone* devoted to him. That's their karma.

Twenty or thirty years ago, Charles Manson would have been a swell person to pick up on and postulate...concluding with feeling and style that his tale means something as Saint Genet or the Dreyfus case of this social mis-fit who did or did not cast and direct a B grade mass murder which was or was not a significant socio-political act (four fingers, Charlie, we're with you!) Stories like his have been Truman Capote'd to the point where they mean nothing just like they used to. Even though he made this record (or, it is especially evident since he made this record, that) he's no genius. Nor is it easy to get your politics wedged in all this "within you and without you" (not to mention male chauvinist) mush. Even Weatherman was half-hearted in its advocacy and chose Tim Leary as an easier weird fish to pop. As a culture hero Charles Manson is a good Pontiac Convertible. There is absolutely nothing you can say about him that is profound. And saying that is the least profound. This is wonderful. Charles Manson is the perfect object of veneration for aficionados, like myself, of the banal, tawdry and utterly ridiculous. I was almost sucked-in by the album cover

rap, transcribed by Steve Alexander of *Tuesday's Child*. It had the ring of Kerouac recounting Cassidy. Then it occurred to me that Alexander had punctuated it, after all. So I read it again and it was pretty much street Freak Philosophy 304: half fourth-hand Blake and the other half non-sequitur.



You've read the book, now listen to the album. There are thirteen songs. The choral backing is rather good, though there isn't much of it and there is some interesting backup music on some of the cuts. Most of the album is wretched. Manson has a poor voice and a worse guitar. The styles are derivative, ranging from Dylan to Glen Campbell. The lyrics are facile and would be sophomoric if they were that sophisticated. The first cut is the only completely interesting piece. It's called "Garbage Dump" and recounts the family's philosophy of supermarket throw-out dining. The whole thing is reminiscent of Hinayana Buddhist monk who beg with bowls and eat anything given without pleasure or distaste. There is a story about a monk begging in such a manner into whose bowl a leper's finger dropped one day. The monk ate it automatically and without disgust and instantly achieved *satori*. Another song, "Sick City", is notable for the only memorable line of poetry on the album, "So Long, Goodbye and Die." "Mechanical Man" has the singing Ban commercial worked into it and I had never realized the excellence of that little tune. This may have been relative. Other than this lyric passage, "Mechanical Man" sounds like it was sung by David Peel and everyone in Washington Square at 3 AM on August 4, 1968. The last cut has an ending, reminiscent of the Beatles, which is honestly very beautiful. Charles Manson neither sings nor plays.

Buying *Lie* is a nearly glorious act of bad taste on several levels. I can assure you it won't be the score for the movie, so this may be your only chance.

Tom Weasel



CULTVRE

the Glass Teat

By HARLAN ELLISON



The Glass Teat, Ellison, Harlan. Ace Books, 1970. \$1.25

by Judith Lerner

I wish this review could be nothing but quotes from Ellison's book, because he says it all so beautifully, there's not much more for anyone else to say. But I'll try to give you an idea of why you should not miss this book (or any of his, for that matter).

Harlan Ellison writes speculative fiction. (You'd probably call it science fiction, but that's not really an accurate label for the genre anymore.) He has also written scripts for movies and TV shows. About two years ago, he began writing a column of TV criticism for the *La Free Press*; "The Glass Teat" is a paperback collection of the first 52 columns. It's unlike any other TV column you've ever read, though; like everything else Ellison writes, it's highly political, bitter, and frequently paranoid. (Ellison refuses to let himself be classified in any political group, and describes himself as "strictly a crawling-through-the-sewers-with plastic-charges-strapped-to-my-back kind of guerrilla.")

"The Glass Teat" concerns the role of television as both a reflector and shaper of modern society. Ellison considers that the TV people have abdicated their responsibility to point out and protest the evils of that society; the most frequent targets of his criticism are the dishonest writers and cowardly producers who write and schedule only those programs which will not offend The Common Man, the "scuttlfish" in the "Great American Heartland." Ellison recounts some of his

grim experiences in that Heartland—a world so alien to his and yours and mine that we tend to forget it exists—and asks, "Who will send missionaries to under-privileged, emerging nations like Texas (and Dayton, Ohio)?"

Ellison finds very little that is praiseworthy in TV today; his favorite shows are the Saturday morning cartoons. "The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour," until it ran into censorship problems, was one of the few honest programs on the air. Ellison calls Senator Pastore's crusade against the "Smothers Brother Show" blatant and "mind-crogging." Specials and documentaries on such issues as chemical-biological warfare and the religious civil war in Ulster are valuable and informative, but horrifying in content and indicative of the depth of hate and sickness in the world today. Commenting on television coverage of the My Lai massacre and other horrors of our times, Ellison writes, "I swear to Christ, sometimes I feel as though I've tumbled assverteakettle down a rabbit hole...the stuff on (my TV) is crazy as a neon doughnut and I refuse to believe

I'm seeing straight. Maybe all those Zonk-rays from the color set are turning my brains to cottage cheese. With chives."

Among the targets of Ellison's bitter and witty harpoons are: "Mocha comedians" like Flip Wilson, who lack the soul and brains of black comedians like Dick Gregory; asinine comedians like Joe Pyne who are subtly or openly rude to Benjamin Spock, Jean-Claude Killy, and other guests on their shows; government-controlled Brazilian TV; slanted news coverage; horror comedies such as "Hogan's Heroes."

One of the beautiful things about Ellison is that he is honest enough to recognize that our side is not always right. He angrily criticizes the Yippie! film made in response to Daley's defense of the Chicago pigs at the 1968 convention as irresponsible, immature ego tripping and insulting to "all the dues-payers who went to Chicago." Speaking as a dues-payer himself (Chicago, Selma, grape-strike marches, etc.), Ellison points out that Hoffman, Krassner, & company had ignored their

obligation to inform Middle America, seriously, of what had really gone down in the streets of Chicago, and had instead appeared as clowns, completely negating the effects of the 45-minute

ACLU film which had preceded it.

If you're aware of what's happening all around us, Ellison's book will really grab you in the gut, especially one column, written just about a year ago, on 7 November 1969. This chilling column was written for a symposium on 1980 to appear in *New Worlds*, an English SF magazine. It's in the form of a "Glass Teat" column, dated 13 Nov. 1980, and its topic is the latest TV appearance (with makeup) of still-president Nixon, explaining to the American people the progress of The War. (Need you ask which one? Tricky Dick is still president because a recent assassination attempt by Paul Krassner, ~~has failed~~, Ellison and all the other freaks, militants, and good guys are in hiding; wanted posters are out, and their numbers are decreasing daily, as they are picked off by pigs and other good citizens. The Freep (and presumably HARRY and others) are now truly underground, as were the papers of the French Resistance in WW II. Bobby Seale has just died, mostly unnoticed, in a Federal penitentiary. People go out in helicopters to drop the Freep on those living aboveground, and people read Ellison's column: "You don't know, you'll never know. You've let yourselves be lied to so often and so ineptly, you're willing accomplices to your own destruction.")

Buy the book. Read it, and give it to a friend. Survive.

DOES IT MATTER? (Essays on Man's relation to Materiality)

by Alan Watts
Pantheon Books
New York, 1970

by P.J. O'Rourke

It's some statement on something that Watts, the popularizer of Eastern thought, not only isn't very popular now, but wasn't, even during the height of mystic voguishness. Mystic voguishness being all over with now that we're all busy struggling to raise the level of political consciousness; and the extent of one's admission to white-skin-privilege is at least as grave a question as "What sign are you?" ever was.

And of what kind of love is this
That goes from bad to worse?

—Dylan

Alan Watts is too naive on one level and too humble, optimistic and kindly on another to say what I, at a low level of spiritual development and with no noticeable humility, will say: That whatever mystical revival there was was a crock of shit and that the new revolutionary consciousness manages to be a worse (and much more typical) crock of shit. Politics is a kind of philosophy, and philosophically

WATTS THE DIFFERENCE?

speaking of this country, there's a sucker born every minute.

Yet I consider Alan Watts the most important living American philosopher. In his gentle wisdom he simply speaks his truth. He attempts no conversions and he forces nothing. Learning sits easily on him and he is immensely honest. Unfortunately he is just not stupid enough for anyone to listen to him. This is really not unfortunate—I suppose—since he doesn't advocate that anyone should or that it would do any "good" if they did. He maintains that he, in the joy of the way he feels, speaks his joy without karma, without desire for results. The way a cat purrs or people laugh. Of course he wants to sell some books since he lives by selling books which he honestly admits. And he has no pretensions about his (marginal) material "greed." In fact, an almost oriental dislike of self-justification prevades his work.

Watts, I understand, is much more popular on the west coast. Even so, his popularity is not immense and this is because he provides no answers. People want answers. They wish that God worked like Ann Landers. They want



everything straightened out and fixed up. "Say three Hail Mary's and four Our Father's and all your sins are forgiven." Move to the nearest utility and collect two hundred dollars if you pass go. When Jupiter is in Aries and your moon is in Leo you'll get bitten by a rabid box turtle. Etc. Well Watts can neither christen your baby or make your well run dry, but he does present some beautiful insights of his own and many more drawn from Hindu, Buddhist, and Taoist thought. Insights and understandings of the universe as a totality of energy manifesting the Self in selves endlessly—beside, which Nietzsche, Kant, Kierkegaard and Sartre are reduced to kids in the street yelling, "tis/tisn't/tis/tisn't..." at the top of their lungs. The image is this.

Watts' philosophy is loose and eclectic but highly consistent. Which makes for some confusion since his basic premises (or realizations) are set forth only obliquely in *Does It Matter?*. *Does It Matter?* is not a comprehensive philosophical treatise so it doesn't make the best first Watts book to read. I would recommend *This Is It or The Book* for an essential understanding of Watts and also for a modest and nonacademic introduction to eastern religions in general.

continued on page seventeen

by Ed Guevara

At one big Federal prison the atmosphere appears one of casual indifference. Actually inmates and staff have fairly studied ways of avoiding work and each other.

For some of the draft resisters doing time—those used to countless meetings and actions—getting anything constructive done here is like striking out at or being smothered in marshmallow. Where would they get any support to raise an issue? One friend discusses his "program" for the day—collecting black walnuts for the rest of his crew; another will be chasing pheasants through the river bottom rather than picking the potatoes he's supposed to.

Harrowing incidents requiring immediate help—assault, rape—do occur inside the big pen or "wall" nearby. They are rare at our minimum security farm camp. There are no cell blocks or lock-ups here and our atmosphere is "lighter" all around.

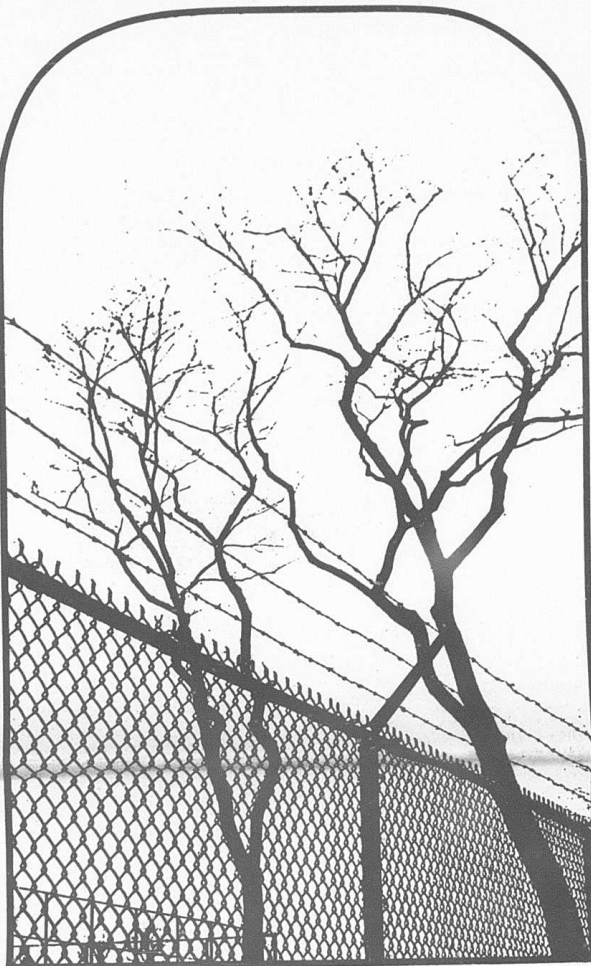
Tensions can spill over—an inmate is rammed into a radiator in a fight over a gambling debt of cigarettes, another arrives from a neighboring farm camp with stitches around his throat from ear to ear... rumor has it from a fight over a faggot. It's not something you ask him about.

In general though, energies, here go into little corner cuttings or pleasures that make ones "bit" go faster—here an inmate visits his wife in the woods, there an inmate picks up a "drop" or "stache" of tinned shrimp. Others, sometimes because of long sentences, "nod out" on pills from the infirmary, pick up a "wife", or build themselves up weightlifting until they can hardly walk. The staff shuffles the paper of government forms, holds therapy—rehabilitation meetings, conducts ABC education classes, or practices shooting at FBI style targets—torsos in silhouette—our!

The whole place is a pathetic gold-brick, a "secure-and-hold-mission". The judges have done their damage (many); the parole board awaits you near the very end of the sentence (few favors are done.)

Life is certainly easier here than at most state or county "joints". Occasionally an inmate who couldn't "make it" "on the streets" escapes in such a way that he will be caught and given more time. If you die here, the joke goes, they'll bury you standing up 'til your sentence expires. There are a few prisoners here with double life sentences although more at the most maximum-security institutions. In one particularly cruel case, an inmate here got life plus 12 years "to run consecutive"—after life I guess. He

A LETTER FROM A FEDERAL RESORT



warns you, never, never shoot an FBI agent

Actually, he has done so much time that he is already on parole for his

"life" and is finishing up the 12. Thus, he has hope, and is nothing like a "maniac-killer." He plants sunflowers, picks up hand-balls and is one of the

few inmates around with anything like civic pride.

Violence and homosexuality here are rarely irrational. Among inmates anyway. The system is brutal enough. Segregation or the hole is especially rough.

Simple maintenance jobs are assigned. There are sports galore: miniature golf, bocce ball, football betting pools, bridge, chess, etc. Only the occasional murder (a "snitch"—informer perhaps) or freak-out overdoes of the wrong pills pulls aside this blanket that has so many sleeping.

So, political prisoners can get some rest, some "R & R" from their many campaigns. Only the most austere organizer goes after this audience. Demonstrations are more to keep in shape than to effect change.

The issues are here, sure enough, whether they are the poor industry pay (17-35 cents an hour), racial discrimination, poor medical care, or bum parole deals—but where is there support enough to raise them?

Inmates are busy eating or pilfering to eat, gambling, playing ping pong, watching the news. Someone has laid up some wine for the weekend. Another is trying to con a job change.

Still, efforts are made by political prisoners to remember their roles on the streets. The most serious accomplishment is talking: a discussion, say, of violence with a 3 time killer (hopefully the pacifist doesn't try too hard to convert him), a discussion of politics with drug pushers or car thieves, inquiry into some of the more bizarre offenses like "white-slave traffic", or raps with the many foreigners here from customs cases (usually drugs).

Of course, Jehovah's Witnesses here on draft charges are talking too—about Armageddon, or bank robbers in conversations that forge new alliances or techniques. One said to me, "You're tryin' to hip us to peace, I'm gonna' hip you to bank robbery."

The resister sees how selfish people are even more, or how convinced blacks are in their bitterness, how assured most inmates (& most people I guess) are of violence.

It would seem that if the resister gives up the issues in the face of these Federal prisons, he is finally—in society's eye—"rehabilitated."

The laxity of it all brings up the question again, why go to jail at all? For this writer, life in "the underground" looked like too much strain. So, to an extent he cooperated with the government, as does anyone going to trial and jail.

I close on that note, since personal sacrifice still is, to me, the most important "movement" question. No one should, at any rate, worry about coming to these "resorts".

The New Capitalists

by Tex

With the dawn of the new culture, youth had dreams of world peace, universal love, and especially the de-emphasis on materialistic holdings. The world is still at war, universal love was scarred by the Tate murders and Altamont, and materialism is alive and well in the midst of our society.

"Head shops" appeared on the scene about 4 years ago as nice friendly little stores we could call our own. One could mingle in the stores, talk to friends, or just space around the premises. Their second purpose was to sell far-out clothes, notions, and accessories to their customers at a reasonable rate. This took the business away from the big chain department stores and into the hands of "our people".

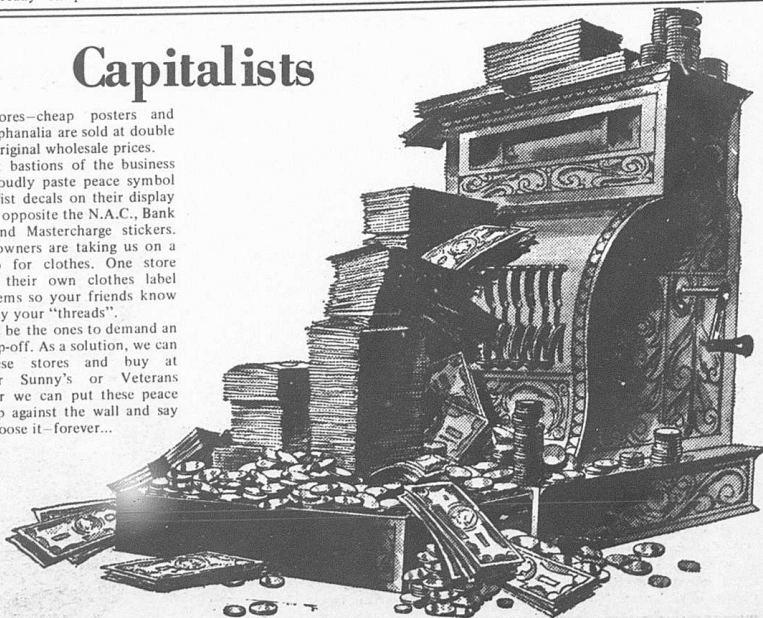
"Our people" then fell into the trap and learned how easy it is to make money in exchange for merchandise. (If there is a demand for a product—up the price.) They have done just this to a degree of ridicule.

Average quality clothes are being sold for outrageous prices—sandals are so high priced, its cheaper to buy them

at chain stores—cheap posters and smoking paraphernalia are sold at double or triple the original wholesale prices.

These first bastions of the business revolution proudly paste peace symbol or clenched fist decals on their display windows just opposite the N.A.C., Bank Americard, and Mastercharge stickers. These shop owners are taking us on a big ego trip for clothes. One store actually has their own clothes label sewn into items so your friends know where you buy your "threads".

We should be the ones to demand an end to this rip-off. As a solution, we can boycott these stores and buy at Goodwill or Sunny's or Veterans Warehouse or we can put these peace merchants up against the wall and say change it or loose it—forever...



STAGED FRIGHT

SAN FRANCISCO [LNS] Over 150 persons at two California state prison hospitals have been injected with a "fright drug" which gives a person the feeling that they are about to die. The technique, called "aversion therapy" is designed to frighten "troublesome patients", according to Dr. Sterling Morgan, superintendent of the Atascadero Mental Hospital.

The drug used, called succinylcholine, is a muscle relaxant that temporarily paralyzes the body making it unable to move or breathe for as long as two minutes. However, the drugged person is still wide awake. A prison doctor sits at the patient's bedside, "scolding him for his anti-social behavior and urging him to think before he acts," according to the United Press International.

The drug was in use at both Vacaville and Atascadero state prison hospitals but was discontinued at the latter because no inmate could be "persuaded" to take it for the last 18 months.



NEW YORK [LNS] Some angry employees of the Associated Press—one of this country's two major news services—have started a review which criticizes AP news reporting, and explains from the inside how the giant corporation decides what news American readers ought to know. The dissidents are distributing their new publication, *The AP Review*, among fellow employees, and offering it to the general public.

In its second edition, published September, 1970, the *AP Review* describes the process by which a Vietnam War story by AP correspondent Peter Arnett was edited. The following are excerpts from the *AP Review* story:

Peter Arnett is a veteran war correspondent who has covered Vietnam almost from the start of American involvement there. His integrity and ability are universally noted among news people. Arnett was with a unit of 25 American Sheridan tanks when they rolled into the Cambodian town of Snoul on May 6.

"American tanks captured the Cambodian plantation town of Snoul Wednesday morning after U.S. airstrikes destroyed 90% of it. The American soldiers celebrated the victory by tearing down the Cambodian flag over the district capital and looting the few shops still undamaged," Arnett reported. "After the U.S. troops 'Found the town almost totally ruined with few places left for an enemy to hide,'

WIRE SERVICE WHITEWASH

Arnett's story came clattering over the Saigon teleprinter, "The G.I.'s relaxed and began methodically searching through the ruins. One soldier gleefully ran from a burning Chinese noodle shop with his arms full of Cambodian brandy. A Vietnamese interpreter hauled a case of soft drinks to a tank. Other G.I.'s smashed open the door of a small wooden shop and discovered clocks, watches and electrical equipment inside."

Arnett reported that the troops searched for an hour and a half before an officer ordered: "Get your hands off that stuff, we're moving on." Arnett

review, "It is reported reliably that he added in a note to the desk, 'We can't let the Agnews seize upon this sort of thing.'"

And just to make perfectly clear what the foreign desk wanted from Saigon, the AP review adds, the foreign editor cabled:

We are in the midst of a highly charged situation in Uni-States regarding Southeast Asia and must guard our copy to see that it down the middle and subdues emotion specifically today we took looting and similar references out of Arnett copy because we don't think it's especially news that such things take place in war and in present context this can be inflammatory."



wrote: "The troops, in a jubilant mood, laughed and loaded the booty into their vehicles."

Before the story was relayed to U.S. newspapers which take the AP service, all references to the looting at Snoul were deleted.

The foreign editor of AP's domestic news wire approved the way Arnett had been edited; and according to the AP

continued from page one

By the way, don't look for such in the way of community action or even reaction. The Fellowship of Lights will, no doubt, call a meeting which will lead nowhere as usual, and the park people will continue to be pushed around, busted, and treated like niggers till the fucking cows come home—or whatever cows do. I love a lot of those park people, but they have no sense of community, no concept of self-defense, and little self-respect.

So you better get your little asses the hell out of the park at 10:59 'cause Harry Gladding and his crew stole that hour from you.

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN BALTIMORE

Continued from page nineteen

Sunday, November 8

MUSIC

Stage Band Concert, Comm. College of Balt. Theatre, 8 PM FREE

Pete Seeger, Lile Aud., George Washington U., 8 PM, for tickets see Sat., Nov. 7

A Rock Theatre directed by William Russo, East Hall—Peabody Conservatory, 7 & 9 PM. FREE—but contributions expected

Blackfoot Smoke and Procreation, The Latin Casino, Rt. 40 & Beltway. 16 yrs and up. \$1.50, 2-6 PM

Maryland Symphonette Concert, Murphy Aud., Morgan State College, 8:15 PM FREE

Leon Russell and Elton John, Painters Hall Music Fair, 8 PM, \$4, 5 & 6 (see ad)

FILM

"Beauty and the Beast" Chem-Physics Aud., UMBC 8 PM FREE

Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, 3 Stooges, 8 PM \$1.50 Corner Theater

DRAMA

"Exit the King" Morgan State College, 3:30 PM \$1.50 adults, .75 students.

NATURE

Trail Maintenance, call Lloyd Felton 771-4648, Maryland Mountain Club.

Cycle around Rock Raven Reservoir, 25 miles. Meet at dam. 9 AM. Call Bob Mayer 687-3210

MISC

Community Supper with Alice Wolfson as speaker "International Women's Conference in Budapest, Hungary" FREE. Women only, 6 PM, bring food

Monday, November 9

MUSIC

Robert Luse, guitar ensemble, JHU dorms, 9 PM FREE

Open student recital, Murphy aud., Morgan State College, 8:15 PM FREE

LECTURE

"War Crimes and International Law" Walderman Solf, an international lawyer with Dept. of Defense, Lonsdale Library U of B., Maryland Ave. At Oliver St. FREE

DEMONSTRATIONS

Patterson Park Collective, S.E. Police District, 9 AM

Tuesday, November 10

MUSIC

The Peabody Orchestra, Leo Mueller Conductor, Peabody Concert Hall, 8:30 PM, \$1 for non-student, \$.50 for non-Peabody student Peabody students free.

FILM

Film shorts: American Time Capsule, Neighbors, Machines, Emperor's New Armour, Bags, World of '68, Allures, Enter, Hamlet, Bam Theatre, Catonsville Comm. College, 7:30 PM FREE refreshments

MEETING

Women's Discussion Series, Woman's Center, 3028 Greenmount Ave., 8 PM Women only. Next Tues. too. FREE

Wednesday, November 11

MUSIC

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, gym, UMBC, Admission by subscription, 8 PM

Chamber Music Concert, Students of Berl Senofsky, 12 PM, FREE Peabody Conservatory Concert Hall

FILM

Maryland Ballet, Sponsored by the Maryland Arts Council, Essex Comm. College, 8:30 PM

LECTURE

Towsend Hoopes, "The Cold War in Indochina" Goucher College Center, 8:30 PM FREE

"The City's Financial Plight: Is It a Reality?" Mr. Eugene M. Thomas III, Enoch Pratt Central, 12:30 PM FREE

Thursday, November 12

MUSIC

Promenade Concert, Peabody Artists in the Main Court of the Walters Art Gallery, 12:30 PM FREE

UMBC Modern troupe, Demonstration, Fine Arts Theatre, UMBC 8 PM FREE

DRAMA

"Califula" by Camus Treteau de Paris Theatre group, Goucher College Center, 2:30 & 8:30 PM \$3.00 general adm., \$2.00 stud.

DANCE

Folk Dancing at Great Hall, Levering, JHU, 8-11 PM, \$1.75 per person per nite. Every Thursday

FILM

"Forbidden games" Essex Comm. College, 8 PM FREE

LECTURE

"The Middle East and the U.N." Stephen Boyd, Langdale Library, U of B., Maryland and Oliver, FREE

Continuing

thru Nov. 14

Photo exhibit: "Kara's Pantry" by M. Richmond Kinsted, Maryland Institute Photo Gallery, Mt. Royal Station

thru Nov. 12

Exhibit of drawings and painting by Allyn Harris, Comm. college of Balt. Gallery

thru Nov. 1

Fells Point Gallery, photography, thru Nov. 31 crafts, hrs. Wed-Fri, 11-3, Sat. 12-4, Sun. 2-5

thru Nov. 29

Batik by Joan Gibbs on display at Nostalgia etc. Mon, Tues, Wed., Fri 11-4 PM. Sat., Sun., 11-5

thru Nov. 29

Vincent van Gogh for the last time in America. Baltimore Museum of Art, \$1.50 adult, \$.75 children

thru December

Local artists at No Fish Today 7-9 PM

Nov 4-25

Ceramics by Daniel Brown and Robert Pitman 8 AM-10 PM

thru Nov. 16

Six artists at Maryland Institute, Dennis Simpleton, Adrian Martinez, Paul Baffa, John Shaw, Edwin Werner, C. Thomas Williams, B & O Gallery, 1400 Mt. Royal Ave.

thru Nov. 30

The history and art of Book manuscript illumination. Pratt library's George Peabody Branch, 17 E. Mt. Vernon Place

thru Nov.

"Flowers for the Sensuous Mind" a group of paintings by Mark Shacter, Milton S. Eisenhower—JHU 9 AM-5:30 PM

thru Nov. 8

"Don't Drink the Water" Oregon Ridge Dinner Theater, Tues-Sun, dinner at 7 PM curtain 8:30 PM

thru Nov. 7

"The Last of the Red Hot Lovers" Morris Mechanic.

Monday-Sat. 8:30 PM, Wed and Sat. 2 PM also

thru Nov. 8

"Here Today" Garland Dinner Theatre, Tues-Sun, dinner 7 pm curtain 8:30 PM

thru Nov. 1

"Instant Replay", Bolton Hill Dinner Theatre, Tues-Sun, Dinner 7 PM, curtain 8:30 PM

thru Nov. 15

"A Cry of Players" Center Stage, Tues-Sat. 8:30 PM, Sun 2 PM & 7 PM.

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"Fools Paradise" comedy, Limestone Valley Dinner Theatre.

Nov. 11, 12, 13, 14

"Scuba Duba" Coffee House Theatre, Bolton St., & Lafayette Ave. 8:30 PM

thru Nov. 1

"The Little Foxes" Barn-Theatre, Catonsville Comm. College, 800 S. Rolling Rd., 8:30 PM

Thru Nov. 7

"Tigers", Corner Theatre, 891 N. Howard St.

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by Barbara Macciocia

At this moment I have a strong desire to communicate an experience at a Women's Liberation meeting I attended one night at which I feel I came a little closer to realizing what this movement is all about. After the speaker and question periods, we were asked to form "segregated" groups of men and women. This brought static from some members of the audience that felt that segregated groups defeated the purpose of getting men and women "together". But the groups formed anyway. A man came to my group, sat down, and said he wanted to hear what women had to say now. He said he wanted to be in an integrated group but no one from women's lib would come over to his group so he was coming over to ours. Things got tense until finally I said, "Okay, I'll lead your group; come on, I know the things to say." In my own head I figured, "Some women really feel inhibited when men are in the group but since I will say anything in front of anybody it won't matter to me..." My volunteering pacified the guy and his group (later the man apologized for the scene he made but he felt it was the only way he could get a leader for his group... and maybe he was right).

I did my best to fake being group leader until we got around to the question of WHY segregated groups. My only rationale was that some women would be inhibited by men in the group; that we probably weren't aware of topics we weren't touching because men were in our group. That reasoning didn't seem to get anywhere.

Then I remembered that earlier one woman had mentioned that she had made four close male friends since she had been on campus. (We had been discussing wearing wedding rings and she pointed out that men had no trouble relating to her with a wedding ring on... however I felt that it puts women into a category of "untouchables" as evidenced by the comment of one man in our group who said to me, "You've got nice boobs

DEAR WOMEN

...you're sexy and intelligent... why don't you wear your wedding ring?" So I decided to ask these women how many female friends she'd made during the same time. "One," she said. She hastened to add that hers was a unique case (so she thinks).

At that point another woman joined in by saying that she was on a basketball team and she related very well with her female teammates. She felt she was just as indoctrinated about being a girl as any woman. I agreed with her that the team thing was nice but I didn't agree with her indoctrination presumption: maybe she was treated differently as she grew up. I asked her what her family was like. She had four brothers!!!

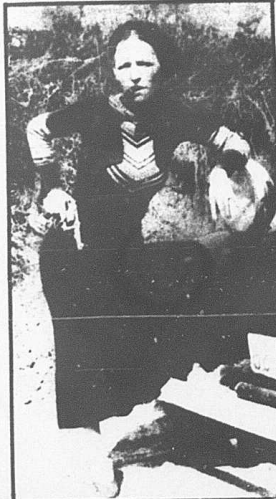
By this time I was beginning to identify with these women (not that I have four brothers). I too have tended to relate better with men (in a new situation I tend to become better friends with men) although I have my close female friends too. But there is a vast majority of women I feel I have little in common with. I should have asked my basketball friend how many women off the team.

On my way home I learned a bit more. Someone mentioned that the term "sister" turned her off which I could understand (latent lesbianism?). Someone felt she didn't have time to listen to a 17 yr. old's problems when she was 34 with two children. But one of the women who was getting a bit frustrated by this time said she had something in common with any women, 17 or 34, mature or immature (however you judge that!) if only we'd take time to find out; to open up to each other.

So I look back on my evening with the integrated group and I realize I had all the wrong motives for being there. I was there to show these women why they needed to be in an all women's group when I really didn't know myself. I thought because I related well with men I should be in the integrated group. But it's exactly for this reason that I need to be in an all women's group: to find out what I have in common with other women—of different ages and especially of different life styles. Sure I have my female friends but most women have different life styles from mine so I've been chalking them off because "...we don't have much in

common." But the whole point is that we do have feelings in common. When my basketball friend pointed the finger at me and said, "It's your fault if you can't relate with women." She was partly right. I have to make an effort to be open rather than suspicious of other women, but that the majority of women are reluctant to be honest with each other is not all our faults: much of this results from the competitive attitudes we've grown up with towards other women. (By the way, this honesty is important for men too, which is why women's lib is indirectly for men.)

The one thing most women have in common with any other woman (no matter how her life is styled) is men. And the reason women's lib groups should be segregated is so women can talk about how they honestly feel about men. We never touched that in our



group. Most women have some feelings about men that they think are theirs alone and that they wouldn't discuss with a man (or their boyfriend). Women's lib isn't trying to alienate men—it's trying to get women to be honest about their feelings, to open up

to other women because we're sharing common problems. Unfortunately the idea that women might have something worthwhile to talk about together alienates some men.

So the point I'm trying to make is: if you prefer men as friends and find most women aren't your type, you're like me and we need some way (women's lib groups???) to find those feelings women have in common. I thought I was "liberated" until this meeting. I'm just beginning to understand what sisterhood is all about.

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WHAT CHANGES WOULD YOU LIKE TO
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AND

DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE TOOTH FAIRY?



American foreign policy. I think we should have none. I talked to the tooth fairy a coupla times.

The tooth fairy is a definate entity. In essence he has been flitting around here and there depositing money—capitalism. Foreign policy should be changed. Build a great wall around the United States and turn it into a giant Astrodome.



Well, let me make one thing perfectly clear about how I feel about this vital position in our government today. I feel that the best way to get rid of foreign policy is to get rid of America. And secondly, as far as the tooth fairy is concerned, I don't believe that belief in the tooth fairy is vital for one's existence.



I believe in gettin high every day and livin the life of riley.....



Could you repeat the question? Impeach Arthur Goldberg. Yes.



I'd like to see Spiro Agnew sent abroad to help initiate our foreign policy and carry out the policies over there. I think we could send the entire United States government over abroad as a foreign policy. As far as the tooth fairy is concerned, after living off Kool-Aide for the last six months—yes, I believe in the tooth fairy.

I think the tooth fairy is that checkered demon stealthily approaching us from behind and above. It's ooming down on us. Like Norman Mailer said, "There's a shitstorm coming." And the thing of the matter is in foreign policy. There should be a polarization there, we become the foreign policy, dig it.



First I'd like my husband out of the army. And yes I believe in the tooth fairy.

Since none of us are foreigners, there shouldn't be any changes—maybe there shouldn't be any foreign policy at all. What's a fairy?



I believe in the tooth fairy very much, in fact the only problem is that the tooth fairy is getting very capitalistic these days. As far as foreign policy goes, I don't think so.

Actually, I think there shouldn't be any foreign policy. As far as the tooth fairy goes—yeth I think tho.



The tooth fairy could probably do a better job with American foreign policy.



Could you repeat the first-second one? Do you believe in the tooth fairy? Oh, wow. Can I think about it a second? You have five seconds. Tick. Tick. Tick. Tick. What was the first one? What changes do you think should be made in American foreign policy? I don't want to give a routine answer. I think we should be nicer to people. Not do everything just because it benefits us. What about the second question? If little kids like it it's alright.

I think we should pull out of California. I don't have anything to do with fairies of any kind.

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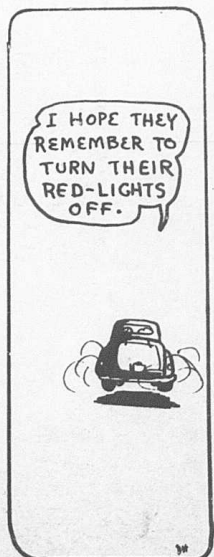
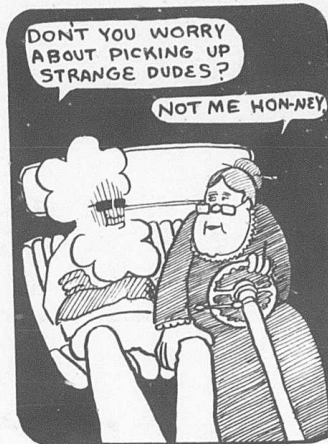
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from the FLQ. The handwritten note revealed the second kidnapping had not been carried out by the original cell of the FLQ, but by a group identifying itself as the Chenier cell.

Although at this point, the price of Cross's life had been reduced to the release of the 23 political prisoners, and the cessation of police activities with respect to the kidnappings, the price set for Laporte was somewhat stiffer: it was made up of all seven initial demands of the FLQ. A further communique Monday confirmed that if the demands were met the hostages would not be executed.

In the meantime, lawyer Lemieux, named by the FLQ as their negotiator, was arrested in his room at the Felson Hotel in Montreal on charges of obstruction of justice. He was released on Tuesday morning after a hearing in court.

A government negotiator was named. Thirty-three year old Robert Demers, a member of the Bourassa clan, was to negotiate with Lemieux. The two lawyers first met in Lemieux' jail cell Monday evening.

Their meeting highlighted two days of exchanges between the two cells of the FLQ and Bourassa, who broke what was a hardline government position when he announced that talks about the 23 FLQ prisoners could not be held until after the safe return of the two hostages.

That same day hundreds of heavily armed Canadian troops were brought into Ottawa to protect cabinet ministers, diplomats, prominently wealthy people and federal buildings from possible FLQ attacks. As many as 1,000 troops entered the capital from camp Petawawa Sunday night.

Thousands of troops were trucked into the Montreal area from New Brunswick and others were flown in from Saskatchewan. Troops have been guarding any prominent building for the last six days in Montreal and police began raiding homes of sympathizers of the FLQ and suspected FLQ members at the same time. The arrest toll rose to 351 following passage of the War Measures Bill in the House of Commons at 4 a.m. Friday morning.

Police immediately took advantage of the situation to clean out all left-wing groups in Montreal that they'd wanted to get at since Drapeau warned last year of a revolutionary conspiracy in the city where he is mayor. The police went after radical press shops (they smashed equipment in at least three), draft dodgers, deserters, radical Vietnamese students and militant workers committees. For safekeeping, they also rounded up a selection of lawyers, journalists, singers, and doctors.

Friday afternoon, with the War Measures Act in force all negotiations broke down between FLQ and the government. Lemieux resigned as the negotiator, making it clear that he thought the government would not negotiate, he called the government's actions hysterical. The action taken by the Trudeau government "shouldn't affect any peaceful democratic

Canadian Repression Hits Kent Stater

TORONTO [CPS-CUP] Despite reassurances from Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau to the contrary, police are using the War Measures Act to deport Americans seeking political asylum in Canada. George Harrington, an American citizen living in Toronto, was arrested by police here Wednesday under the Act and was told he would be extradited to the United States, where he would face charges resulting out of last May's protest at Kent State University against the American invasion of Cambodia.

Harrington was living at Kent State as a non-student when four students were murdered by national guardsmen. He fled to Canada last month after receiving a *su poena* from state authorities. "And ever since, Canadian and American police have been following me from Vancouver to Toronto," Harrington said.

Two Toronto police picked up Harrington at a boutique in Yorkville Village (a favorite hangout) and arrested him on a false charge of assault and battery, the charge—an excuse to get Harrington down to the station—was dropped as soon as he arrived.

"When I asked what I was being charged with, a cop told me that under the War Measures Act he didn't have to tell me anything," Harrington said. "The cop then said, 'We don't like Americans.'"

Harrington said when he asked to call his attorney the policeman replied: "You call your attorney and I'll kick your balls right up your throat."

"I looked at him," said Harrington, "and he was ready to do it."

sister-in-law has also been watched. And there's a cop car outside of my apartment all the time." Police broke into and ransacked the apartment of Harrington's girl friend, Carol Grafton. They told neighbours they were looking for a member of the FLQ.

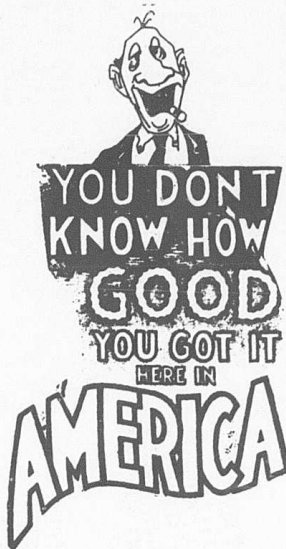
On the advice of his lawyer and friends and parents in the United States, Harrington flew out of Toronto Wednesday night to return to Ohio before he could be extradited. "The police will be waiting for me at Cleveland Hopkins airport," he said. "They'll know, because all my friends' phones are tapped in the U.S."

"If I stayed here, they'd try to throw me in jail for being with the FLQ and I'm not going to be able to prove my innocence. I would have to sit in jail here, and then again in the States. My main objective is to get political asylum in Canada, but that's impossible now."

Harrington is charged back in Ohio on nine counts: first degree riot, outside agitation, intention to incite a riot, arson, obstruction of justice, assaulting a police officer, assaulting a fireman, and illegal flight to avoid prosecution.

Eleven students are already in jail on charges arising from the protests at Kent State University and 14 more are being sought.

Although a federal grand jury, a presidential commission, and the FBI have found the national guard guilty of murder, the state authorities have found them innocent and are charging students and professors instead.



Police released Harrington and told him he would be extradited as soon as possible. "But since then, I've been followed everywhere I've gone. My

Canadian," federal Justice Minister John Turner said in a press interview Friday. What about the continued arrests in the Montreal and Quebec city areas, he was asked.

"The Attorney General in that province must have had some reason to suspect them," he said with a grin.

Since the War Measures Bill was put into effect, the Trudeau government has been given verbal support from Premiers Roberts of Ontario, Smallwood of Newfoundland, Thatcher of Saskatchewan, and Storm of Alberta. But the measures of the government have brought strong opposition as well from many labour and student and welfare groups across the country.

Demonstrations against the war action began to grow across the country in Calgary, Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec City, Ottawa and Regina. In defense of its action, government officials said they put the Act into effect following the receipt of a Montreal police report on subversives in the city. The secret report was apparently transmitted to Ottawa by the Montreal Police sometime in the past two days.

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FLQ: MARAT WHERE ARE YOU NOW THAT WE NEED YOU?

OTTAWA (CPS-CUP) The Front de libération du Québec has an action filled ten-year history.

The group of revolutionary youth was started in 1960 by George Shoesters, A University of Montreal student who felt the "time had come to sow in the province a spirit of independence."

The small group emerged from under the dictatorship of former Premier Maurice DuPlessis and there was a strong taste among university radicals for a state of liberation.

Too often they had seen Quebecois workers engaged in bitter bloodshed battles with the police force of the province over the rights to strike for better wages and living conditions.

Because of the colonial situation, Quebecois were worse off than other in Canada. As a conquered nation, Quebecois were oppressed as workers and as Francophones.

A number of sporadic bombings in the posh English suburb of Westmount sparked fear among the Montreal managerial class that lives there, but the revolutionary group then lacked training, discipline and money, and as a result, many of their attempts proved to be abortive.

Soon however, the FLQ invoked strict disciplinary measures on its members and the group became much more selective in its recruiting campaign.

What followed in the next four years were hold-ups of large banks, financial houses owned by English Canadians or Americans, and department stores, all of which has helped to finance the organization against "the English ruling class."

With the inflow of discipline, a firm revolutionary ideology and more financial backing, the FLQ has been able to extend its operations into cells technically free from each other with members not knowing the members of others.

This cell network has made the work of the federal authorities an almost insurmountable task.

Early Monday morning, Oct. 5, James Richard Cross, Senior British Trade Commissioner in Montreal, was kidnapped from his plush upper Westmount home. The FLQ ransom note demanded:

- The publication of a manifesto they had prepared,
- The liberation of 23 political prisoners "Felquistes" (FLQers),
- The freed political prisoners to be placed aboard an aircraft bound for Cuba or Algeria.
- The post office was told to reinstate all 400 LaPalme employees the government fired last April in dispute over union rights.
- Payment of \$500,000 in gold to be placed aboard the aircraft carrying the political prisoners.
- Identification of the most recent man to inform of the activities of the

FLQ and publication of his name and photograph in all Quebec newspapers.

-Immediate halt of any police activity in the hunt for the kidnapped diplomat.

The FLQ gave the governments involved 48 hours to comply.

The first waves of concern immediately rippled through government chambers at both the

On Tuesday, Oct. 6, word was passed on by federal authorities, federal, provincial and local police in Montreal and Quebec city to impose tight security measures but "to play it cool and can't panic the abductors."

That same day the Quebec cabinet held an emergency three-hour session in an attempt to come to grips with a situation they said "threatened" the

The FLQ describes itself not as a movement of aggression, but "the answer to aggression, the one organized by high finance through the intervention of federal and provincial governmental puppets."

Reference in the manifesto was made to Premier Robert Bourassa's promise to provide 100,000 new jobs in Quebec by 1971. The document states: "Bourassa will mature in the year ahead when he sees 100,000 revolutionary workers organized and armed."

"We are fed up and so are more and more Quebecois with a spineless government which makes one thousand and one somersaults to charm American millionaires while begging them to come and invest in Quebec..." the manifesto says.

Tuesday, Oct. 6, Sharp informed the abductors that the federal government would in no way comply with the ransom demands. But he added he was ready to make some kind of deal. And Tuesday night the government announced its agreement with Ottawa that the ransom price would be impossible to meet.

At the same time, lawyer Robert Lemieux, legal counsel for many "Felquistes," held his first press conference. The conferences turned into daily events with up to 300 reporters from all over the world attending.

Lemieux said, and reiterated, that the government was playing games—it professed to wanting negotiations but kept up its intense police hunt. He also continually emphasized that the FLQ had resorted to the guerrilla tactics of kidnapping because of the way their colleagues had been treated in court.

Pierre-Paul Geoffrey, for example, was sentenced to an unprecedented (anywhere in North America) 124 life sentences—5,850 years in jail. In addition, Lemieux noted testimony from delegates to the FLQ trials from the International League of the Rights of Man which indicated that the men had been convicted, not for specific crimes, but for their political views.

Tuesday night a second communique was received by radio station CKAC in Montreal from the FLQ stating if the demands were not met by 8:30 a.m. Wednesday "We will do away with him." The same evening Prime Minister Trudeau said "The will of the minority cannot be imposed on the majority by force."

Wednesday, as tensions mounted, Justice Minister Jerome Choquette, in an appeal to gain sympathy for the Quebec government, asked the kidnappers of Cross to call him to negotiate. The same day another communique was found that extended the ransom deadline until Thursday midnight. The FLQ said it would not negotiate with the government, but it asked the federal government which of its seven demands the government found unreasonable.

In an attempt to spare Cross's life, a further deadline was set.

On Friday, Montreal police revealed they were searching for five prime suspects and on Saturday they announced no steps had been taken by the federal penitentiary authorities to prepare the exchange of the prisoners for Cross.

Saturday, Oct. 10, Premier Bourassa issued an initial ultimatum saying none of the demands of the FLQ would be met by the government and he announced a final proposition to the kidnappers saying if they gave themselves up and returned the British official unharmed they would be given safe passage out of the country.

The FLQ reply to this proposal was not long in coming. Thirty-five minutes later Quebec Labour Minister Pierre Laporte joined the ranks of the kidnapped in the hands of the FLQ. The minister was taken by two men armed with machine guns as he was playing football on his front lawn.

Laporte's capture was followed by another communique Sunday morning

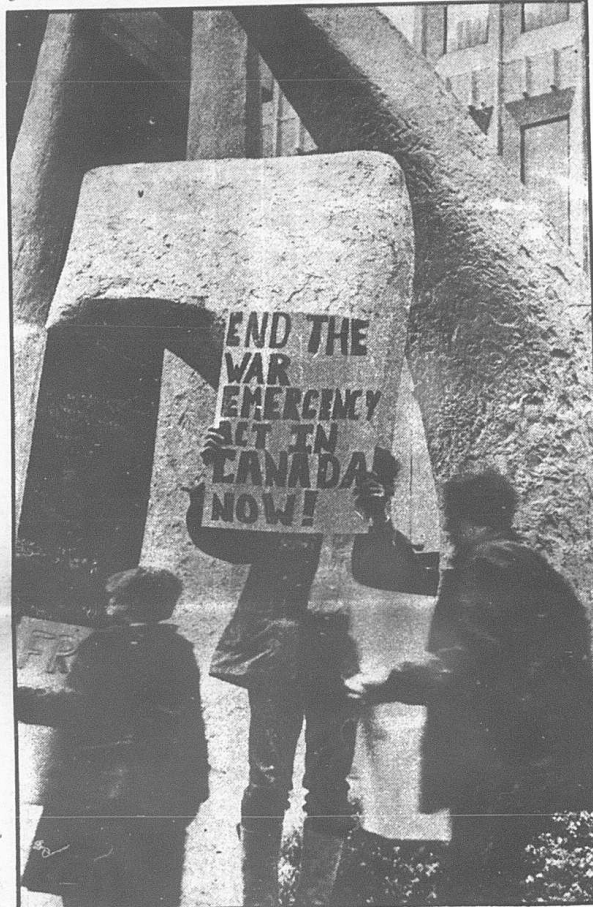


photo by Tom Coffin, Great Speckled Bird

federal and provincial levels and what was to follow was a chess game between flabbergasted government officials and the FLQ members, which has resulted, thus far, in the imposition of the War Measure Act and the death of Labour Minister Pierre Laporte.

freedom of Canadians.


Since Oct. 5, the provincial and federal authorities have been holding hands. The attempt to root out the FLQ "abductors" and halt "subversion" in Quebec has been carried on mainly by undercover police who are in touch with the FBI, Scotland Yard, and Interpol.

External affairs minister Mitchell Sharp immediately called for police protection of all foreign diplomats in Canada and guards to watch the premises of every embassy and consular office.

The militant revolutionary tactics of the FLQ shocked top government officials throughout the "free world." Canadian officials had considered any threat to their embassy or personnel so remote that they had little part in discussions that led to the establishment of a special 700-man executive protection service.

"But I guess this brings us very much into play," one official commented. "We are no longer just observers."

Not long before, newspapers across the country printed at least excerpts of the manifesto of the FLQ. "The FLQ is neither the Messiah nor a modern day Robin Hood," says the Manifesto. "It is a group of Quebec workers who have decided to get everything in motion so that the people of Quebec may definitely take their destiny into their own hands."



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Report from People's Free Clinic

by Howie Evans

The People's Free Medical Clinic is alive and well. Open since May 4, we have treated over 1,200 different people who have made about 2,000 visits to the Clinic. Right now about 100 people a week are coming to the Clinic on the three nights (Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday) we're open. This means that often we have to turn people away.

The Clinic was founded around the belief that, "Medical care is a right, not a privilege." By this we mean that medical care should be available when people need it, not when they can pay for it. But our own single facility is inadequate—we no more than scratch the surface of the medical problems people face in this city. Our job must be two-fold—to serve a limited number of people well, and to work from our community base to demand many (50 or more) community controlled free clinics across the city.

So what goes on at 3028 Greenmount Ave? Every night we're open there are three to five doctors, treating children and adults for a variety of medical problems—colds, mono, V.D., ear problems and all those other things that make you feel like you can't enjoy the sunshine. Really big problems still have to be referred to the big, not so human, emergency rooms.

There's a Women's Counseling Center at the Clinic that provides abortion and birth control counseling and pregnancy testing. Here is a place where women can get confidential, good counsel from their sisters who can help them get what they need both at the Clinic or, if necessary, in one of the male/professional dominated big institutions.

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and disorder, ideals of loyalty and patriotism are constantly applauded.—Lao

Yet the sanctimonious pay the internal price of power-mongering even if they refuse to accept or go after actual political control, for they cannot avoid becoming resentful and bitter at those who ignore their pious proclamations, and hence they fall into the same inner quagmires of ego-addiction, pomposity, and general personality destruction as do the politically ambitious.

He who can see through others is clever, he who can see through himself is wise.—Lao

The Futility of Moralism

Yet if the political state and struggles for control of the political state are self-defeating, self-betraying, self-crippling, and finally self-destructing—it does not follow that moralistic scolding of those who become enmeshed in political power games out of high intentions or low as a viable means of escaping or solving the karmic riddles generated by the political power of destruction.

For Moralism is essentially a subtle form of power-seeking; and to attempt to influence the actions of others simply by self-righteous scolding, without resort to political violence or intimidation, is even less realistic than trying to make things better through the struggle to get or keep control of the state/weapon. Hammurabi, a dictator, formulated the oldest code of conduct known to Western man. And those who seek to influence others according to their own codes of right and wrong by no more effective means than preaching and nagging are simply power-seekers who have not the will to know what they must do to gain power. In short, they are just arm-chair Hammurabis and non-violent Hitlers.

Each of the three nights the Clinic is open finds several people doing various kinds of counseling—drug, alcohol, mental health, and the like. The counselors bring a broad range of training and skills to this service and problems are matched to their skills.

The Clinic is staffed entirely by volunteers most of whom come from the immediate community, and is run on a non-hierarchical basis. No one is considered "better" than anyone else, and, outside each person's area of skill, we try to relate as equals. What this means for a person visiting the Clinic is that an advocate talks with him or her to find out needs, establish rapport, and sees that he or she is seen by the appropriate person, and understands what has happened. Often the advocate helps with follow-up visits to other institutions, especially when major hassles can be expected. The advocate, along with other staff, create an atmosphere of friendliness among the many different kinds of people in the waiting room. Control of the Clinic rests with the staff and the community, meeting monthly to determine policy and to work out problems.

Each evening the Clinic provides child care programs for the children of patients and staff. Involvement of local kids in clinic programs is also getting underway. During the day, too, the Clinic is staffed by non-professionals who do follow-up work and referrals as well as all the piddling administrative and clean-up work that keeps the Clinic going.

As a political project the Clinic has just begun. In order not to be just another isolated, inadequate social service, the Clinic must keep asking hard questions and demanding change of the American health scene. The American giant spends billions to protect its

continued from page one

Ralph T. Garrison, a Gas and Electric Company employee, released on \$110 bail on a charge of failing to obey a police order to leave.

George Vinson, an arthritic cripple, on \$110 bail on a charge of failing to obey a police order to leave.

Kenya K. Kenya, working with Liberation House Press, held on \$25,000 bail on charge of inciting to riot, bail reduced to \$2,000.

Wilson Mack, Jr., held on \$10,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot, possession of a deadly weapon (an African bush comb), disorderly conduct, and refusing to obey a police order to leave, bail reduced to \$2,500.

William Carter, held on \$25,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot, disorderly conduct, assaulting Patrolman Robert Cohen by kicking him, resisting arrest, and refusing to obey a police order to leave, bail reduced to \$1,000.

Milton Wiggins, held on \$25,000 bail on charge of inciting to riot, bail reduced to \$1,000.

Walter Lively feels that while in jail a number of contacts were renewed. "Nobody intended to get arrested because we felt it would be a waste of time and resources," said Lively. However, in as much as they did get arrested, Lively felt it was a good time for getting into what was happening in the jail on the inside. The arrests have focused more attention on the problems of the prison and drawn others into "defense of the protest and articulation of support."

Lively states that a number of black revolutionary groupings who might



sphere of influence and its corporate profits across the globe while millions go hungry, industry threatens our environment, and all but the rich go without good health services. People find it impossible or at least very difficult to fight through the red tape of the big social bureaucracies to get the meager services offered, and money is simply not available for massive numbers of free clinics as long as this country is dedicated to controlling the world for the profit of the few. Hospitals and clinics, by and large, will not be comfortable places to visit until they are controlled by the people, rather than by the rich, the powerful, and the professionals. Medical care is a right, but it is not free—it costs money for medical staff and equipment. Money will be available only as we struggle for change—a struggle dedicated to life for all of us.

And right now the Clinic needs all the help it can get. We are supported

without big grants. Several hundred people send in a monthly pledge, others give sporadic contributions, and people visiting the Clinic leave what they can in our contribution box. But, of course, we still need more money to continue the job we're doing and trust that you, dear reader, can find a few pennies to send our way, or, better yet a few dollars each month... (to: 3028 Greenmount ave., Baltimore, Md. 21218, 467-6040)

The symbol for the Free Clinic is a transmutation of the ancient Caduceus. This symbol was used in Mesopotamia prior to 2600 BC, the intertwining serpents being a symbol of the god who cured illness. It contains signs for the four elements: the wand, earth; the wings (also the wings of Mercury), air; and the snakes, fire and water.

The symmetry of the Caduceus indicates the balance of opposing forces (good and evil, etc.) and shows that supreme state of strength and self control, and consequently health—strength both on the physical and spiritual levels. The serpent is also a symbol of wisdom.

It is with a certain sense of awe that the Clinic takes the ancient symbol and transmutes the sphere of unity (between the two wings at the top of the staff) to the clenched fist of power. The fist represents the power of people working together—implying the unity symbolized by the sphere. To end the oppression and exploitation in the medical institutions and the world around us will require power and unity. For us this is particularly a process of change in health systems so that people are treated humanely when they are sick and will know that quality care is available to them without the disqualifying mechanisms of race, sex, wealth, or length of hair.

We take the Caduceus and the fist together as symbolic of our slogan, "Medical Care is a right, not a privilege." With wisdom and balance, the power of the people can make the medical institutions and all the institutions that affect our lives serve our needs.

Chicago Conspiracy 8, Walter Lively and Paul Coates.

The pigs have not achieved their goal of stemming black-yellow-white-red revolutionary struggle but have increased their problem and given another flaming dictum to the revolutionary forces.

Survival Information

by Robert Neborsky

WANTED: Freaks who want to rap about drugs and other shit.

PLACE: University Hospital Psychiatric Institute (don't let that turn you off) Redwood St.

TIME: 6-8 p.m. Mon.-Fri.

PHONE: 955-8560, 955-8637

It's finally happened: the people in the red-brick tower on Lombard and Green St. have awakened and found their social conscience. Actually the place hasn't yet, but the medical students have, and they've organized a People's Free unnamed, uncommitted, and as yet unused drug clinic.

The clinic's services are mainly aimed at kids that are hung up on drug-related problems or even plain old head problems and want to join a group to work these problems out with others of the same ilk. Right now we've got no facilities to try out hard drug problems so, if possible we would like to meet with people who are mainly strung out on soft drugs...

So come on downtown and blow some minds as to what the drug scene is really all about. Let the medical people find out what's in the heads of the street people (and vice versa). We need you as much as you might need us.

KICKING POWER

Part I of Kerry Thornley's Yin Revolution Manual

By Ho Chi Zen (with quotations from Chairman Lao)

reprinted from *Other Scenes*

The central reality of political life is that no one can occupy a position of considerable power for long without having to fight. The nature of that fight is determined by the nature of whatever challenges to power are about. Respond to any of them incorrectly and you are Out. That's the game and those who play it know it.

The prime requisite for political leadership is ruthlessness. A leader who is not ruthless cannot get, much less keep, political power.

The second requirement is guile. (Especially in a democracy is the best liar-actor-lawyer likely to end up in the highest position, so that what democratic leaders lack in ruthlessness, they make up in guile.)

Beyond these traits, all that is needed is the delusion that external power is somehow of value.

Chuang-tse was fishing from a bridge on the P'u River when two high officials of the Ch'u State came to see him, saying: "The Prince of Ch'u wishes to appoint you Minister of State."

Chuang-tse continued fishing and did not turn his head. "It is said," he told them, "that at the Royal Palace there is a sacred tortoise that died when it was three thousand years old. The Prince of Ch'u keeps it enclosed in a chest in his ancestral temple. Now would this tortoise prefer to be dead, and thereby an object of veneration? Or would it rather be alive, wiggling its tail in the mud?" "Why," answered one of the officials, it would rather be alive!" "Then begone!" shouted Chuang-tse. "I also prefer to wiggle my tail in the mud."—Chuang

The Dynamics of Betrayal

Differences in temperament, and not in quality, separate those who favor political revolution from the advocates of political reform. Revolution is for those who prefer to be sold out quickly, so as to get it over with. Reform is for their brothers who favor a gradual, painless form of betrayal. Revolution depends on overt violence. Reform depends on implicit violence—the readiness to imprison at police gunpoint those who do not go along by working and paying taxes, by submitting to conscription and fighting, by obeying any number of inane, obsolete, petty, or harmful prohibitions and proscriptions.

He who wants to take over the country and remake it under his own reforming plans will fail. "Mankind" is an abstract concept that cannot be remade after one's own ideas. Under any system of reform, a ruler must

make use of different, real-life people—some as they seem and some not, some who will assist and others who will resist, some strong and some brittle and unsafe to rely on. That is why the Sage never tries to take over things and reform man.—Lao

Steal a hook hang for a crook; but steal a nation and you become its ruler.—Chuang

happiness is desirable and widespread suffering is not, then politics is both historically and logically impractical.

For while the political state/weapon produces constant propaganda and schooling on behalf of its own necessity, it does not protect so many lives in the restraint of accused murderers as it destroys in the process of warfare; it does not protect so many citizens from bodily harm through police action as it injures by such means; nor does it

attempts, makes no failures, has nothing to lose—is therefore at peace with himself.—Lao

For he who would pander to men's hatreds in order to gain control of the political state/weapon must see only the goodness in his own cause and only the evil in those causes that oppose his. He must pretend to be what he is not and thereby fail to become all that he might. He must give up his objectivity in order to gain his objective. So the professional demagogue and the successful statesman cannot help becoming addicted to ego games—and ego games charged with great political power cannot help escalating into insane paranoia and unreasoning hostility.

When Chuang-tse was on his way to visit Hwei-tse, Prime Minister of the Laing State, someone spread the rumor that Chuang wanted to become Minister in place of Hwei.

So Hwei-tse, afraid of losing his office, sent soldiers in search of Chuang-tse for three days and nights.

Then Chuang-tse came to see him and said: "In the South is a bird related to the phoenix. It will alight only on the wu-tung tree, eats nothing but the fruit of the bamboo, and drinks only the purest water. An owl with a rotten mouse looks up as the phoenix flies over and screeches! Are you that owl, afraid I will take your position?"—Chuang

Political power is destructive to all men, to those who think they hold it and to those who think they must submit to those who think they hold power. So the impracticability of politics pervades in every direction.

When people no longer follow the Tao, they think of benevolence and righteousness. When relatives fall into discord, they begin talking about filial piety and paternal affection. When a country falls into confusion

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Political Games and Personality Destruction

For the political state is nothing more than a social weapon for inflicting violence and compelling obedience by means of threats of violence in a manner that is traditionally acceptable to the great unthinking majority of men. Struggle for control of this weapon is what the world calls political action—be it revolutionary or reformatory, conservative or reactionary. And victory in this struggle results in nothing more than control of the weapon. Since weapons are tools of destruction only, there is very little the winners of political struggles can do that is creative.

When the government is sluggish and stagnant, the people go about their business and are content; when the government is active and efficient, the people become irritated and angry.—Lao

So all political revolutions and reformations are sooner or later seen to betray whatever was creative in their original programs. This has less to do with the nature of men than it has to do with the dictates of power.

The Unrealism of Politics

Politics is generally thought to be the business of practical men, but if human

prevent the theft of so much wealth as it confiscates through taxation.

If one attempts to govern either himself or another, he is sure to become frustrated. For it will seem that whatever he tries to grasp, slips away. The Sage makes no such

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October 29, 1970

Chicago, 1886. Union organizers and revolutionaries were building towards a May 1st strike which would win workers an 8-hour day. But the McCormick Reaper Works began a lock-out in February, shutting down the plant, with 58,000 workers out. On May 1st, the day of the planned strike, the city was tense. On May 3, locked-out workers from the McCormick plant held a mass rally, which ended in a fight with scabs. Police arrived on the scene and fired into the crowd, killing six workers and wounding many more.

To protest these killings and to support the 8-hour movement, a rally was called the next day at Haymarket Square. It was raining and the crowd was small and peaceful. As the last speaker was concluding a speech, an army of police descended on the square and ordered people to disperse. There was a moment of confused silence. Suddenly a bomb was thrown close to the speakers stand, not far from the police, who responded by firing indiscriminately, even at each other. When workers returned shots, the police charged, emptying their guns on the people.

Seven policemen were killed and 60 officers wounded; the toll of murdered workers, estimated at three times that number, is still unknown.

Without delay, police rounded up labor organizers all around the city. With the help of the daily papers, eight revolutionaries were then tried and condemned to death. (Three were finally pardoned.) The bomb thrower, whether a radical or a police provocateur, was never identified.

Shortly after, a memorial statue was erected in Haymarket Square. It is a uniformed policeman with his arm raised, commanding "Peace."

Chicago, October, 1969. Just prior to the SDS Weatherman "Days of Rage" demonstration, a dynamite blast demolished the police statue. After some time, a new statue was erected on the same site.

On Oct. 5, 1970, exactly one year later, dynamite again toppled the policeman in Haymarket Square. A few

minutes after the explosion, the Chicago Tribune, whose columns in 1886 supported the police attack on the workers, received a phone call:

"We just blew up the Haymarket Square statue for the second time in a row to show our allegiance to our brothers in the New York prison [the Tombs, in revolt for the second time this year] and our black sisters and brothers everywhere. This is another phase of our revolution to overthrow this fascist society."

WEATHER REPORT NO.5



Chicago Mayor Richard Daley hurriedly reassured the world that the downtown statue would again be replaced: "We admire the statue for what it depicts and represents—men who gave their lives for the people of Chicago."

Sgt. Richard Barrett of the Chicago Sergeants Association warned that the "blowing up of the only police monument in the USA is a declaration of war by radicals."

The following statement about the bombing—the "fifth communication from the Weatherman underground"—was signed by Bernardine Dohrn, Jeff Jones, and Bill Ayers. A tape of the same message, recorded by Bernardine, was released to the straight media.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

A year ago we blew away the Haymarket pig statue at the start of a

We did not choose to live in a time of war. We choose only to become guerrillas and to urge our people to prepare for war rather than become accomplices in the genocide of our sisters and brothers.

We learned from Amerikan history about policies of exterminating an entire people and their magnificent cultures—the Indians, the blacks, the Vietnamese. We are making plans to resist with all of our creativity.

Students and hippies who now hear peace talk from the white man must remember how talk of peace was used against the Indians and preached to the blacks.

Today many student leaders have cut their hair and called for peace. They say young people shouldn't provoke the government. And they receive in return promises of peaceful change. Promises of peace from a government that bombs Cambodia while talking about a end to war, that killed students at Jackson and Kent while calling for responsibility on campus, that murdered Fred Hampton

and hundreds of blacks while calling for racial harmony. Remember that Amerikan pigs have already dropped more bombs on a piece of land about the size of Florida than the entire tonnage dropped during World War II.

Don't be tricked by talk. Arm yourselves and shoot to live!

We are building a culture and a society that can resist genocide. It is a culture of total resistance to mind-controlling maniacs, a culture of high-energy sisters getting it on, of high-energy acid-smiles and communes and freedom to be the farthest-out people we can be. It's a culture that can take care of its people; Rosemary and Tim are free and high.

J. Edgar himself admitted that "underground radicals" were the hardest group to infiltrate. That's because the culture and ideals we want to live by can only be lived in total resistance to imperialism.

If Nixon invades Cuba, bombs North Vietnam, intervenes in the Middle East we must all move fast. Figure out strategic weak points of the enemy. Look to the Arabs. With the underground and mass movement responding together, we could shut down every international airport in Amerika within 24 hours. Every long-hair is a YIPPIE! Every militant woman a Leila Khaled.

Surround every armed attack with rallies, phone calls, posters, and celebrations. We are bringing a pitiful helpless giant to its knees.

We invite Ky and Nixon and Agnew to travel in this country. Come to the high schools and campuses. But guard your planes, guard your colleges, guard your banks, guard your children, GUARD YOUR DOORS.

(signed)

Bernardine Dohrn
Jeff Jones
Bill Ayers

This is the fifth communication from the Weatherman underground.

DOPE DOPE



by C.J. O'Schroeder

Whazzat shit yer swallin', boy?
Oh, dis? Why dis is Purple California Moonglow.
Oh yeah, whassit made outa?
I dunno. Speed an' acid an' mescaline an' coke I think.
(scratch, scratch) No shit?
Yeah.
Whassit do?
Makes you feel good all over.
Yeah? Howzit do dat?

Picks up everthing for three or four days.

Like waih?
Like everthing.
How?
I dunno.
Do it fuck ya up?
Sometimes.

Why?
I dunno.
Ya do all dat shit an' ya dunno what it do to ya?

Yeah, yeah. (jabber, jabber, speed, speed, trip, trip, etc., etc.)
Do anybody know?

Yeah. But dem what know don't dig it an' dey all out for tellin' you dat you wrong. Dem what dig it is all out for tellin' dem dat know dat dey fulla shit 'cause dey dunno 'cause ain't nuthin to know. (jabber, jabber, speed, speed, trip, trip, etc., etc.)

No shit?

No shit.

The trouble is that there is plenty to know about dope and if anybody should know, it is the cat that is doing dope. It just makes sense that if I'm going to put some alien concoction of chemicals into my system, I should have some idea of the inevitable results both physical and psychological. It may be rational, but few of us know what we should know about our little capsules of joy. I am not numbered among those few.

I realize that for the most part, many of those who write "objective" scientific treatises on acid, speed, grass, etc. simply reiterate their own forgone conclusions. They set out to prove that dope is evil and (surprise, surprise) they prove precisely that. Although this is discouraging, it does not alter the fact that when an alien substance is introduced into the body it is bound to have certain effects. Effects that are both pleasant and unpleasant, both overt and covert, both immediate and cumulative.

You oughta know somethin' 'bout it, dipshit.

At any rate some cats (student type) at John Hopkins (the university not the hospital) thought that information on this sort of thing should be available to anybody who might want it. So they formed a Committee on Drug Education (CODE) and began compiling a library, a good library of things written on dope. They eschewed the obvious and the worthless-by-virtue-of-bias and have come up with what appears to be a fairly good bibliography. The library is located in (are you ready?) the Hutzler Reading Room in Gilman Hall.

Fortunately for everybody involved, though, CODE turned into a largely activist endeavor. And I have a soft spot in my heart for any campus-based organization that flees the sterile, sanguine, suffocating cocoon of academia. CODE did just this. The library became secondary as the committee moved into the community educating freaks, straights, kids, adults, anybody who wanted to listen to the facts, not the morality, of drugs. Strictly information, no sermonizing either way.

Good enough, but Will Klausmeier, a grad student in pharmacology, who chairs CODE, and the three or four others in the forefront of the committee were only recently heavily into drugs and realize that there are certain immediate needs that must be met. Will says that the need defined itself when several of his many informal informative

talks were received at the YIP (Youth Interest Program) House. YIP motivated by pivot person Tony Romano had been operating a 24-hour switchboard for both people on bummers and for those who just needed to rap. But YIP fell on hard times when Tony was seriously injured in a car accident and the house was subsequently wasted by many who called themselves friends.

Will recognized in the YIP house a good focal point for CODE's efforts. So paying the back rent out of his own pocket, he began enlisting financial support from the "concerned" straight community and the Hopkins undergraduate Student Association. ("...man doth not live by the spirit alone, he likewise needeth bread...")

The YIP house became 2800 Remington (the address, cleverly enough) and began to exude a new spirit, a new essence. No longer would YIP and CODE be institutional manifestations of one or two dominant personalities, but they would become part of 2800 Remington. And 2800 Remington would become the sum total of that which would be put into it. As Will told me, "Anything goes into it that wants to."

Specifically and immediately, 2800 Remington will again operate a 24-hour switchboard (watch HARRY for the new number). It will also be a place where you can come to rap, to talk off a bumme, to crash if necessary, to obtain information on legal, medical, and psychiatric help. But because of its very loose structure, 2800 Remington, one hopes, will be elastic enough to respond to all inputs.

The spirit of 2800 Remington is still the spirit of those people who comprise it. And it needs people. The house needs people to paint it and clean it and de-trash it. The people need people to be people.

If yer interested, why doncha call dis guy Klausmeier at 243-1193 an' he'll give ya de dope (heh, heh, heh).

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HARRY PEOPLE

Severne MacShaine	David Eberhardt	Carroll Schroeder	Sandy K9
Elliott Sirkin	Len Bradford	Glenn Ehasz	Thomas V. D'Antoni
Ed Guevara	Kathy Armstrong	Jack Heyrman	Dr. Steppenwolf
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LETTERS

Dear HARRY,

The other day I was standing in a drug store with some close friends, when I was approached by an employee who requested, with a wry smile, that we get the hell out of there. I replied to the effect of "Go ye forth and multiply", though in not so many words. I now realize the folly of my actions. According to a ruling handed down by the Grand Jury, in the case of Kent State Vs. the National Guard, the employee would have been well within his rights to shoot me and my friends, had he felt "that he would suffer serious bodily injury had he not done so". Luckily, I escaped with my life, and various other articles I ripped off.

All of which brought forth to mind the words of Kent State Yippie Vice President, Jerry Persy. Said Mr. Persy: "They thought that by killing four students it would be all over... Its just beginning".

Has it been so long, that we can forget?

M. Block

Dear HARRY,

Kathleen Ann Lee must be so full of bullshit that it fucks up her taste buds. I have been in Sip & Bite quite a few times and never have I not been hassled by some sort of redneck. One particular night after waiting an hour to get change for the cigarette machine, I was told, "Get out of here, we're busy". No shit! And the fine Cokes she talks about, more bullshit. The Sprite's are so bad you can't tell the difference between them and water.

A.F.I.P.P.F.C.

Dear HARRY

Your article on Janis Joplin was very good but the author left out what I think is one of her best quotes—"Man, I'd rather have 10 years of superhypermost than to live to be 70 sitting in some goddam chair watching TV." He also did not speculate on whether she took an overdose or was murdered. How could someone who has ODed take 14 fresh needle marks on their arm to do it, and have the red balloon containing heroin residues across the room?

A Mourner

HARRY and America

Now is the time for revolution. Many think so. Change from this to THAT. The THAT, however, is rarely mutual and, at best, vague. So many angry young men—bold, fearless, ready to tell it like it is—that fantastic pepsirightonbruthuh generation, raised on Sgt. Rock and Peter Gunn, swaggering hot-shots. YECCCHHH

Well, fine. O.K. I'd like to act like a big hero too—honest to God I wish I were a cowboy—but I'm NOT a cowboy—nor 007—nor Nick Danger—nor fearless demonstrators fake. It's dumb. It's all TV

Sheeit! Is this Flakey Foont talking? You only wish. It's me, Mr. Nacheral, talking. If you don't believe it, fuck ya.

But why even bother with ya in the first place? Because I like you. It just bugs piss out of me to see all you small-time operators making a big deal over peanuts. What's talk? It's noise.



Whats bombs and guns? Its noise that hurts.

So how else you say? How do we get what we want without fighting? Just think about it and enjoy yourself until you catch on. I've got to live in this world too, and it's had enough with all the slobs, and you snot-nosed brats aren't helping.

Unstring those wired heads and blow off the hate trip. Be imaginative and

Question to stimulate those little gray cells Who's who in America?
Yessir

Its a heavy. Boggle boggle

(Koxmik Laff)

EXIT

continued on page eighteen

PENITENTIARY 23 OUT ON BAIL

by Severne MacShaine

The 23 people arrested during and after a demonstration at the Penitentiary in support of prisoners on a hunger strike, and charged with "inciting to riot," "failure to obey an officer," and "assault" have been indicted on these charges by the Baltimore City Grand Jury without first having a preliminary hearing. These people are presently out on bail ranging from \$500 to \$2500 after Judge Solomon Liss heard individual petitions for reductions in bail, and with the evaluation of the pre-trial release board and the recommendation of the State's Attorney's office, signed reductions from the original \$10,000 to \$25,000. Those people arrested by the police were:

Walter Lively, former head of the Urban Coalition, and presently head of Liberation House Press, held on \$25,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot, assaulting a police officer by kicking Patrolman Robert Cohen, disorderly conduct, and disobeying an officer, bail reduced to \$1,000.

Olugbala (Benjamin McMillan), director of the Soul School, held on \$25,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot and disorderly conduct, bail reduced to \$2,000.

James C. Owens, Morgan State freshman and community worker, held on \$25,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot, disorderly conduct, assaulting Patrolman William Roberson, resisting arrest, and refusing to obey a police order to leave, bail reduced to \$2,500.

Omar Mitalwi, reporter-photographer for *Ujamaa*, the twice-monthly magazine of the Black United front in Baltimore, held on \$25,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot and disorderly conduct, bail reduced to \$1,000. His camera was also ripped off.

Reginald A. Howard, Black Panther, held on \$10,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot, disorderly conduct, and refusing to obey a police order to leave, bail reduced to \$500. (due to hardship case)

Eugene D. Johnson, an employee of the Baltimore City Department of Housing and Community Development, held on \$25,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot, disorderly conduct, and failure to obey a police order to leave, bail reduced to \$1,000.

Austin L. Sydnor, a former VISTA volunteer and now working with Liberation House Press, held on \$10,000 bail on charges of inciting to

riot, and refusing to obey a police order, bail reduced to \$1,000.

Robert Jordon, Morgan State Junior, held on \$10,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot, disorderly conduct, and refusing to obey a police order, bail reduced to \$1,000.

Craig Wilson, Morgan State freshman, held on \$25,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot, possessing a deadly weapon (a pocket knife), disorderly conduct, and refusing to obey a police order to leave, bail reduced to \$1,000.

Angela Hatten, Morgan State Student on teaching grant and community worker, held on \$25,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot, disorderly

conduct, assaulting Patrolman Phillippi Rochleau by throwing him to the ground, and refusing to obey a police order to leave, bail reduced to \$1,000.

William Joyner, Black Panther Party member and doing community work in Gay Street area, held on \$25,000 bail on the charge of inciting to riot, bail reduced to \$1,000.

James Green, Drexel Univ. student in Philadelphia, now part of a work-study program, held on \$25,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot, disorderly conduct, and failure to obey a police order to leave, bail reduced to \$1,000.

David Lawrence, a student at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County Campus, held on \$25,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot, and possession of a deadly weapon, bail reduced to \$1,000.

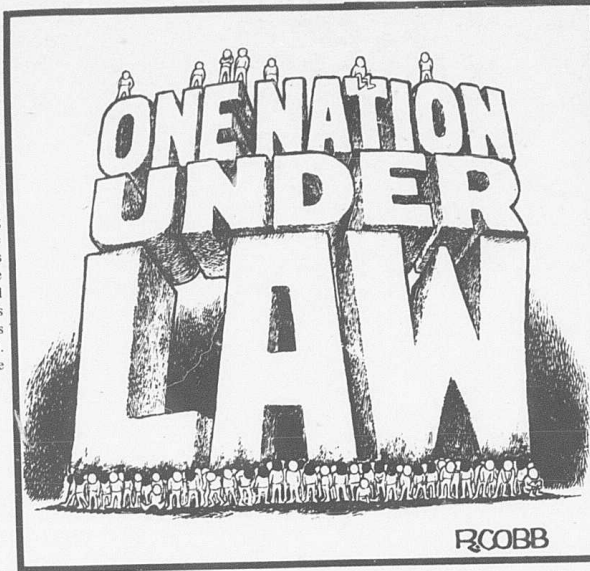
William Paul Coates, Black Panther Party member, held on \$25,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot and failure to obey a police order to leave, bail reduced to \$1,500 on the recommendation of Judge Liss.

Larry Jay Sorrell, Black Panther Party member, held on \$25,000 bail on the charge of inciting to riot, bail reduced to \$2,500.

Zerita Skates, elementary school teacher, held on \$25,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot, disorderly conduct, and possession of a deadly weapon (an African bush comb), bail reduced to \$1,000.

Eric R. Smothers, held on \$25,000 bail on charges of inciting to riot and failure to obey a police order to leave, refused to sign paper giving information on his background and tore it up. He later did give the information again and bail was reduced to \$1,000.

continued on page five



Public Land and Private Property

by Thomas V. D'Antoni

Alright, fans, here's a couple of questions for you:

The people who petitioned the Park Board to institute an 11 O'Clock curfew at Mt. Vernon Place are:

- a. running dog lackeys of U.S. imperialism who have to be offered b.pig industrialists who have to be offered
 - c. class chauvinists oppressors of the working men of the world who have to be offered
 - d. revisionist dog dung who have to be offered
 - e. all of the above
- The Park Board members are:
- a. dupes of the ruling class
 - b. tools of the ruling class
 - c. lackey dog runners of the ruling class
 - d. yardsticks of the ruling class
 - e. yes
 - f. no
 - g. maybe

AND The reason the Park Board instituted the curfew is:

- a. They're trying to repress the youth culture.
- b. They're trying to rip off the youth culture by driving people out of the park and into the Hoshild Kohn-owned boutiques.
- c. They're bourgeois fascist lackey runners of Polish imperialism.
- d. They eat shit, motherfucker.
- e. They eat pie, pig.
- f. They eat their makeup.

You want to know the reason they

brought up most at the Park Board hearing on October 26th? No, it wasn't the crowds, it wasn't the dope—it was the old ladies who live on the second and third floors of the houses across from the park who got offended because they saw people FUCKING in the park! Right! One man, a Mr. Butts from Westminster House, the high rise old age home, said at the hearing that the tenants "are embarrassed at the hanky-pank that goes on."

The hearing convinced me once again (as if I needed convincing) that we ARE into something on the order of an alternative—however impure, unsound, incomplete, undeveloped, and fucked up.

These people, like most Americans, have never really given up the idea that all power should reside in the hands of those that own property. Harry Gladding, whose store once sold HARRY photographer Gordon Leitch faulty tires—they lasted only 7,000 miles—personified this attitude. His presentation was spiked with references to "landowner" and "property owner". This impressed the Board. They regarded Judy Lerner and myself, who have been residents in the area but who do not own property, casually, while a Mr. Gordon, elderly president of the Mt. Vernon Improvement Association, who owns property in the area, but who hasn't lived there in five years, was treated with great respect and dignity.

The Park Board, see, is no different from the property owners. They're good Americans who have grown up to love money, take orders and respect

property. Especially Mrs. Richmond Farring, an old fart who yelled at me because some freaks cleaned the fountain out at the park without permission. I tried to explain to her that when institutions break down and things don't get done and services aren't performed, that people have to take it upon themselves and do the jobs that have to be done. Well, she couldn't understand that, and she acted perfectly snotty about it too, the old fucker.

It's just a question of values and of life styles. The residents have a point too. If I wanted to go to sleep and a bunch of people were outside my window singing and talking and laughing and I didn't like their looks, I'd complain too. I just don't mind watching people ball though.

Considering that though, it is still a pretty stupid move to change the curfew from Midnight to eleven.

continued on page eleven



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SGT. FRANK MAZONE

1934-1970

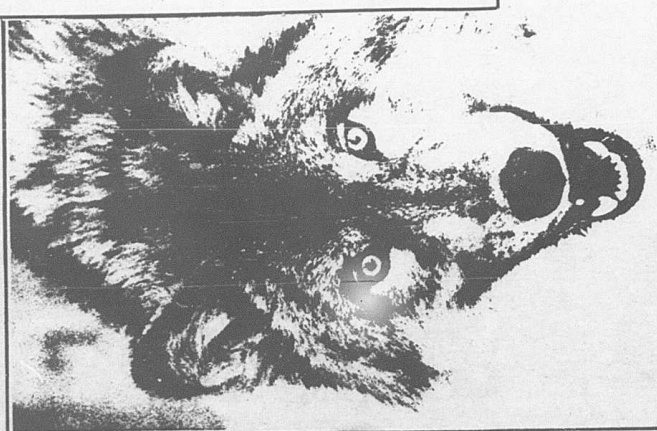
Vol. 1, No. 24
October 16, 1970

harry

Atlantis Publishing Company
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Baltimore, Maryland 21218

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I think I could turn, and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained,

I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,

Not one respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

—Walt Whitman—